CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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THE WONDERFUL WEST

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

Fair as the dawn of summer morn,
Young as the babe but newly born,
Old as the hills that guard her shore,
Firm as their bases, evermore,
Strong as the never-failing Truth,
Sweet as love in the breast of Youth,
Wide as the course of an ocean wave,
Dear as the grass on a mother's grave,
Beehive of industry, haven of rest,—
Canada's beautiful, wonderful west.

Drawn by L. J. Herndon The Guardian—see page 29

"I SAW, STANDING AS THOUGH IN MID-AIR, THE DIM BUT REAL OUTLINES OF THE NAKED FIGURE OF DAN"

CANADA WEST

VOLUME VI. MAY NUMBER 1

MR. OPTIMIST OF CALGARY

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "Canada Fakers," "The Gun Runner," "The Wire Tappers," "The Woman in the Rain," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

Take me outward, tired of living,
To the land where life is new,
Where the Bow sings down the Foothills,
Flashing silver, twining blue,
Where the Rockies hold the sunset
And the coulees whisper rest,
Where the Trail goes ever outward,
Outward to the open West,
Where the emerald slopes of prairie
Turn to golden seas of grain,
Where the voice of hope rewakens
And the world seems young again!

John Arbuthnott.

I.

WE had left Gleichen well behind us when the last eastern star winked good-bye to our jigging tail-lights. Then, as we emerged from our curtained catacomb-shelves and dressed, a band of pearl and salmon-pink showed above the grey-brown of the prairie sky-line. It would soon be sun-up. A new day, as bright and clean as a new penny, was falling from the mint of time.

I heard a peevish voice complain, beyond its muffling draperies that the car was like an ice-box. Then I heard the Oxford Man from the second berth forward renew his excoriation of the colored porter, for his inability to fetch so foolishly trifling a thing as a cup of tea from the dining-car.

"Sorry, sah, but dar's nuffin' I kin do! He says he's hurryin' dat range-fire's fas' as he kin!"

"But *when* shall I have my tea?"

"You'll hab dat tea by de time we hit Calgary, for suah, sah!"

"And what is Calgary?" demanded the indignant voice behind the berth-curtains.

"Calgary's jus' Calgary, sah!" was the porter's somewhat puzzled reply.

"My word!" said the outraged Man from Oxford, resignedly.

But the brown-eyed youth at my side broke out, with a gasp of incredulity: "Can you beat it! There's a man who's never even heard of Calgary!"

"Say, stranger," interrupted a second and quite unlooked for voice from behind a second and quite unruffled pair of berth-curtains, "how'd a swig of Old Crow help out?"

It wouldn't help out at all. The Man from Oxford explained that he wanted tea, fresh-steeped tea. And

while this was being made plain a Cochrane horse-breeder protruded a large and indignantly tousled head from his curtain-vent.

"Some folks seem to think this here is a lecture hall on wheels. When *I* paid money for this berth I thought maybe it was a *sleeping car*!"

That shaft having sunk home, and the speaker having subsided, the three of us who had risen early retreated on tip-toe to the smoking-room, where the windows were up and a full six thousand magnums of uncorked champagne were already going to waste. By this I mean that a prairie morning-breeze was eddying and whistling in and blowing the towels off the racks,—a breeze that was fresh and clear and sparkling enough to make the newcomer more than a trifle light in the head. I sat inhaling it, without cost, until I was in love with all mankind, and got a cinder in my eye trying to catch a glimpse of the Rockies with the dawn-gold still on them.

I extracted the cinder without protest, for the prairie-land past which we arrowed was turning into a vast canvas of color under the Turneresque brush of the risen sun. Stretching away before the eye were vast reaches of wheat-field, the tint of Roman gold. Beside the Roman gold, here and there, was the apple green of half-ripened oats. Next to this, at times, would lie the maroons and browns of summer-disced soil, and then the milky and tender yellow-green of newly sprouted winter-wheat—milky and tender greens which left each land-undulation as soft as a woman's breast, as vocal with promise and burgeoning-to-be and subliminal fecundity and unconscious passion to bear and yield and lavish and give as a million singing girls. It overawed and humbled me. It made me feel the age of the gray East out of which I had travelled.

I turned to the youth at my side. He was a companionable and clear-eyed boy of about twenty-five, I thought. But I could not be sure. The West, I knew, had the trick of touching manhood into early maturity. Yet it startled me a little to find this youth engaged in counting a roll of bank-notes as fat as a baby's arm.

"I'm a new-comer here, and I'm afraid I'm rather green," I began.

"Yes; I know!" he had the cool effrontery to retort.

"I'm from away back East where the wheels move slowly," I went on. "And *would* you mind telling me where and what Calgary really is?"

"What Calgary is?" echoed my companion.

"Last night at dinner you said you were a Calgary man. I thought, from the way you said it, that perhaps it's a Secret Order. Then I thought perhaps it's a College where you"——

"Calgary's a *religion*!" broke in the youth with the clear, quick eyes.

"A religion?"

"Yes, a religion—something to believe in, to live for. It's the heart of the Land of Promise. It's the town the Lord make lucky!"

I began to understand.

"But I thought Rudyard Kipling tied that particular label to a town suggestive of pharmacothecal headgear?"

"He did call Medicine Hat lucky—if that's what you mean. But I'm not preaching from a car-window. I *come* from Calgary. And Calgary's the town that can't hold back!"

"Yes, they told me that about Port Arthur, and then about Winnipeg. And I suppose they'll say the same of Edmonton and Vancouver and Prince Rupert."

The young man laughed his quick and easy laugh. He was western to the finger-tips; and you couldn't help liking the candor of his clear eyes.

"They're all lucky, of course," he conceded. "But Calgary's different! Why, look what we've got in this town of ours!" he cried, making a dive for his black hand-bag and pulling out dodgers and pamphlets and blueprints and house-plans and folders and Board of Trade reports. "Take some!" he said.

"I'd rather you'd tell me about it!" I demurred.

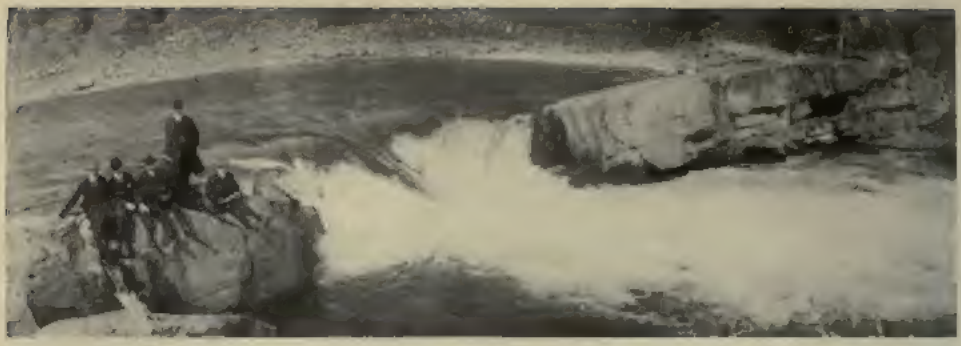
"I can't tell you about it," he protested. "That is, I couldn't, and

From a painting by De Forrest Schook

make it seem honest. Why, the bald truth about that town's so wonderful it takes a born liar to put it into words!"

"What have you got?" I asked, a trifle puzzled by the paradox that fiction alone could express facts.

"We've got everything a town wants! The only thing you'd miss would be salt water and liners, I suppose. We're the Denver of the North-West. No; I got that wrong. Denver's what you might call the Calgary of the South-West. We've got winter-wheat land, the best winter-wheat land on the map. We've got a soil you can't wear out in a hundred years. Fertilizing it is as foolish as talking of irrigating the Atlantic. And speaking of irrigation, we've got *that*, when we need it—for there's time when irrigation is rather more reliable than rainfall. Then we've got coal, anthracite at Canmore, for instance, and ordinary coal right here under the prairie sod—seas of it—seams of it sticking out along every creek-bed where a settler can dig it out and team it away for the trouble. Then we've got three railways, and inside of a year we're going to have three more. And we've got pure water. And we've got power, regular Niagaras of power waiting for us, when we're ready to halter it and lead it down from the hills. And we've got climate; more sun than Colorado, and the Chinook to fan off the cold when it gets monotonous. And we've got winter-feeding range-grass. And we've got timber within easy reach of us. And we've got the best grade of building-stone ever quarried, enough to build twenty New Yorks, right at our side doors. And we've got the finest town site this side of the Great Lakes. And the prettiest little river that ever sang down through the heart of a city. And we've got scenery, these rolling foothills and the Rockies on one side of us and the sweep of God's own prairie out there on the other. And coming down to modern touches, we've got the best mineral springs in America, not two hours off,



"WE'VE GOT REGULAR NIAGARAS OF POWER WAITING FOR US, WHEN WE'RE READY TO LEAD IT DOWN FROM THE HILLS"

where we can boil the alcohol out of our system one day and go trout-fishing the next. And what's better than the whole combination, if I do say it, is the fact that we've got faith in ourselves and our future!"

"You almost believe in Calgary, don't you?" I ventured to remark.

"Believe in it? You can't help believing in it! Why, I'm one of the Cold Feet Band compared to most Calgarians! Drop in there any day and see if we're alive or not! I don't care what you call it—ozone, altitude, or just enterprise. But we've got it! Why" (and his face grew suddenly and suspiciously grave) "we've a man out here who's trying to Burbank the red-onion and the Irish potato into one family, so's to get enough water out of the potato's eyes to carry his crop through a sand-farm he's got. We've another inventor who says he's going to supply all Alberta with woven-wire as soon as he gets his grass-spider colony going—he's crossing 'em with wire worms, you know — intends to keep 'em busy weaving buffalo-fence!"

"Anyone out here ever cross rye and mint to get the juleps?"

He blinked, appreciatively, for a moment or two, and then became quite serious.

"You can't help being an optimist, in a country like this," he went on, and I could notice the flame of earnestness that burned up in his emotional young eye. "Let me tell you about a friend of mine and show you what I mean. This man took up land in northern Alberta. First he put up an eight-by-ten shack. Then he got his crop in and did his fencing. Then next year he built a decent stable and bought implements and built a tidy little house. Then a prairie-fire came along and burned him out. It left everything as clean as a whistle. It took his grain and his stock and his stable and house and his implements and fences. It just turned that fat and prosperous section of farm into a smoking Sahara of ashes. The only thing left was the ruins of a cook-stove standing up on the prairie-floor like a tomb of all his dead hopes. A Calabrian earthquake and a tidal wave on top of it couldn't have cleaned him out more completely."

"What did he do?" I asked.

"I tell you what he *didn't* do! He didn't sit around and cry over that caved-in cook-stove. He went down to the spring and washed off the smoke and the singed hair-ends. Then he walked six miles to a neighbor's, and borrowed a team and wagon. Then he took a piece of his broken stove-top for a spade and drove down to a neighboring coulee bottom and grubbed out a few hundred Alberta wild-ferns. Dug 'em out with his stove-top. They're very nice, those wild ferns. Then he teamed them into Edmonton and sold 'em to city folks for table-plants. Whether or not those city folks knew why he was peddling coulee-ferns I can't say. But he sold his load, for a dollar a root, mostly. Then he bumped into the grandson of an English earl who was going home because the shooting didn't suit him and he couldn't get "Honey-Dew" for pipe-smoking. He bought a tent and

a sheet-iron stove from that earl's grandson. Then he blew himself to an axe and a side of pork and a hundred-weight of flour and drove home drawing maps of how he was going to put up that new shack of his. Of course there's nothing epic in it all. It's just every-day, ordinary optimism, the same as you'll knock into in any part of this province. It's just commonplace belief in what we've got ahead of us. And if you want to see good old-fashioned Faith with her sleeves rolled up, just drop off for a day or two at this town we're coming to!"

"Which town?" I asked, absently, for I was thinking of the man digging coulee-ferns with a broken stove-top.

"*The only one*," was his answer, which struck me as worthy of record. "Calgary, of course!"

II.

On thinking it over, I decided to stop off at Calgary. I found myself pulling into a long and crowded station that stood side by side with a little Eden of flower garden. On this busy and bustling station platform I saw red-jacketed Mounted Police officers, and a group of laughing girls with golf-bags, and young men with shot-guns and fishing-tackle and landing-nets, and older and stronger types of men with the 'prairie-squint' in their eye-corners, and men whose very shoulder-line and alertness spelt "Business." I saw well-dressed women leaning from motor-seats, and hats that seemed to have harked but a month before from Fifth Avenue, and that elusive ease and assurance which comes only with wealth and well-being. And there, in the thick of it all, I saw one lonely and motionless figure, isolated in the midst of a newer world, like a monument of the past. It was the figure of a blanketed squaw, within ten feet of where a touring-car motor threw its reek of gasoline to the wind, like incense to the gods of the future.

I found myself, indeed, not in a frontier town, but in a city that had found itself, that was sure of itself. I found it a city resting in a crook of the Bow River like a crow's nest in the crutch of a tree. Behind me were the

NOT ROSA BONHEUR CATTLE BUT CALGARY ALBERTA BEEF

"WE'VE GOT THREE RAILWAYS, AND INSIDE OF A YEAR WE'RE GOING TO HAVE THREE MORE"

sun-steeped prairies; before me lay the white-capped Rockies. Something about the situation of that town appealed to me. It lay there, half way between its heights and its lowlier plains, seeming to typify that nice adjustment of mind so precious to the soul of mankind, half-way between a wide and lowly humility, on the one hand, and a timeless spirit of audacity, on the other. I found a sense of permanence, too, in Calgary's buildings of grey stone. Structures of that self-harveyizing sandstone were not of the moment. They were not serried tongues of the temporal, like the false-facaded wooden shops that fringed the main streets of that Sargossa sea of settlements through which I had been passing, for hundreds and hundreds of miles. A skyscraper or two, and a brougham with a crest, in Winnipeg, had already taught me to expect the metropolitan touches. But that line of Calgary automobiles rather startled me. The Indian with the polished steer-horns and the Red-River carts were already anachronisms. If one of them remained, here and there, it was only as an historic remnant, lying about a fossil of dead ages, as an oath is a fossil of a dead faith. For Calgary is no longer an outpost. It would impoverish the romancer by its absence of "bad men". The groundswell of civilization has swept far beyond Alberta; far beyond Edmonton, the oldtime "jumping off" place of the overland trail to the Klondike. It has crept into the fringes of the sub-Arctics themselves. For wherever black dirt is found the plow-share of man will follow. Those vast migratory movements of a race, imperial in extent as they are implacable in spirit, usually seem, to succeeding generations, the mere flowering of a romantic unrest. Yet they always hinge on material and commercial conditions. It is the eternal cry for bread that drives men to the Outward Trail. It is the ceaseless hunger for arable land that leaves him ever a wanderer. The bitterest struggles of all history, when once the mists of fable and romance have been dispersed, are found to be the struggles for those rich, alluvial plains of this world on which the wheat-berry will thrive. Man's historic contests have been for wider grain-lands. It is for the hard-shelled little wheat-berry that blood has been most lavishly shed. Men, in fighting for freedom, have in reality, fought for farm lands. It is not caprice and *wanderlust* and love of adventure that is opening up our remoter west. It is the hunger for a home. It is a white man's cry for white flour. I remembered, as I went dipping out towards Cochrane in a motor-car, that Klippart, the wheat-expert of fifty

THE MODERN FARMER ABANDONS THIS PROPERTY

AND IN THE WEST HE BUILDS HIMSELF THIS

years ago, declared America could grow no wheat north of Ohio. I began to wish that Klippart could have sat on the seat beside me. I should like to have led him to a wire-fenced section of the once open range where we could have stood shoulder-high in ripening oats that were to run one hundred bushels to the acre, and where we could have seen the separator-gange threshing out wheat that was running forty-five bushels to the acre, and barley a good two-thirds as heavy as the oats in yield. I should like to have carried Klippart up and down the length of all Alberta veined with its arteries of steel. I should like to have shown him, on every siding and in every railway-yard, the strings of "empties" waiting for their loads of grain. I should like to have pointed out to him those thousands of hurrying corpuscles of commerce as they went rolling and dancing eastward, to feed a hungry and waiting empire.

But most of all I should like to have led him into contact with the spirit of optimism that dominates the West. It is not a psychological abstraction It is a national asset. It is something so material that it has a market value. It is the direct antithesis of that "panic" feeling which now and then knocks the bottom out of Wall Street trading and wipes out of existence a potential ten millions of dollars in a passing ten minutes of time. It's a sort of communal Christian Science which ordains that thought shall not dwell on such evils as frost or drought or hailstorm, which commands that floods and prairie-fires and money

FROM THE CITY PARK, THERE CAME THE STRAINS OF A MILITARY BAND

stringencies must be ignored with Froebelian tranquility.

"I hope you don't mind the sun," said my hostess as the forty-horse-power motor sent us sky-hooting along the dustless foothill trail, "but, you know, the hailstorm spoilt our hood—we got caught in them—as big as robin's eggs!"

Her husband, who had just explained that it took sixteen miles of barb-wire to fence the bit of winter-wheat of his on our right, looked about with grave reproof.

"Hail-storms are quite unknown in this part of Alberta," he said, with an authoritative calmness that was actually a sort of sublimated combativeness.

"Of course, dear," she said, and was silent as the car danced down the dip of a hog-back and took the steeper slope before us like a pinnace taking a midocean roller. Then she laughed (and I found, later, that her laugh explained an apparent *fault*, as the geologists say, in her line of thought).

"You know, I let my little girl play in the sand-pile where someone is building a house next to ours. She has a weakness for funerals. She solemnly buries her three dolls in the sand and holds a ceremony over them. Last week I heard her intoning a farewell anthem to them. It was something like this:

" 'C. P. R. Subdivision Lots—Sixteen Per Cent. Second Mortgages—Calgaree, the kaween of the West—Num'er One Hard and forty to the A a acre!' "

And the child's father wanted to know what was funny about it!

But why not? I have seen Sicilian gardeners wringing their hillside crops from the same weary and protesting soil that fed Athens and Rome when they were in their glory; I have seen a pertinaceous Calabrian tickle a quarter-acre of terraced rock-slope into niggardly generosity; I have noticed how a German peasant can in some mysterious manner coax his bread from a cranny in a mountain-side; I have beheld Scotch farmers living on ten acres of stones. And when I sit back and consider the richness of Western Canada, when I take a pencil and a particularly large sheet of paper and compute the square miles of arable

THE CALGARY COUNTRY WOULD IMPOVERISH THE ROMANCERS BY ITS ABSENCE OF "BAD MEN"

IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY THERE LAUGHED AND SWARMED A MASS OF MERRYMAKERS

territory, and cipher out its possible and potential area of fat farmland, I begin to wonder how soon the North will hold the fifty million souls it is ready and waiting for.

From an over-humbly denominated "villa" of grey stone and pressed brick in Calgary's suburb called American Hill, I watched this new-born city as it lay sleeping in the cup of the valley, under the clear western stars. Along the northern skyline, above the heights where the city had bubbled up into the opposing suburb of Mount Pleasant, the Aurora Borealis was dancing and pirouetting like a thousand ghosts of green and crimson and orange clad toe-dancers. Faintly, from the city park, came the strains of a military band for it was concert night, and about an oblong of verdure in the centre of the city idled and honked a string of cars, and circled and dawdled a row of carriages, and laughed and swarmed a mass of merrymakers. And as I watched the scene I felt perversely old and alien and out of the picture. In this city of the North, with all its youth and its vigor, with all its hope and its future, there remained something wordlessly saddening to the outsider, something, to me who was denied both its youth and its buoyancy, almost depressing. I felt that I was of the East of the East that is too old to be an Optimist!

IN CHINOOK FANNED CALGARY THEY PLAY BASEBALL ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

THE ROMANCE OF THE THEATRE IN CANADA

BY ROBSON BLACK (FREDERIC ROBSON)

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WILSON BARRETT.

IT would doubtless be a surprise to the Canadian reader to learn that in three years, three million dollars have been tossed into new theatres by hard-crusted northern "materialists." Yet the truth is unquestioned and the philosophy uninvolved. If we are forced to rack our aching brains in a counting house, or strain good muscles in the wheat field all the hours of the day, we wish to sing a different song at nightfall. And so we have erected these "Temples of Moloch" from one end of our country to another that our hearts might sometimes turn their under-sides to the sunlight of sympathy.

We cannot in a story of the theatre in Canada, go back to a Bard of Avon, a Beaumont or Fletcher, a Marlowe, Garrick or Irving, for our "stage" (if one may, for a purpose, speak of a Canadian stage) is not weighted with years, nor made glorious with native figures such as in themselves constitute the history of the English, and to a lesser degree the American dramatic institutions.

Yet the theatre in Canada has done this much. It started from nothing, worked itself through a dense crust of early puritanism to a point where it is to-day a mighty factor in the calculations of the shrewd New York manager. That is very commercial of course, but it is some scheme of measurement, and opens the way to more flattering deductions. Canada was this season a money-making field when even New York and other cities of the republic, still smarting under real or imaginary "depressions," made an unhappy showing. The Dominion's theatres are equal to any in the "States," city for city. The "Royal Alexandra," Toronto, the "Walker" in Winnipeg, and the "Princess," a new burlesque house in Montreal, are magnificent buildings which can be matched with the best in the United States outside Chicago, Philadelphia and New York. These three theatres cost between three hundred thousand and half a million dollars, which is a great sum of invested capital upon which the box office must pay interest.

To-day, the East of Canada is theatrically lucky. It has become a part of the working chain of the United States, enjoying to a large extent the best productions which are on tour, or which its population of theatre patrons has proven it will support. If Woodstock or Guelph or Bobcaygeon, Ontario, could demonstrate an ability to pay for Forbes Robertson or Mrs. Fiske, the chance of seeing them in these towns at least once or twice in a lifetime might be moderately fair.

With the commercial method in vogue today, you get almost the thing for which you pay, and that is the penalty or privilege of dwelling in the by-paths of the world's big highways; you see only that which wanders off the "main pike" by accident or sorry design. In some of the newer sections of the Canadian West, we see a childhood picture of the eastern theatre. Let me illustrate.

Some years ago while traveling

through Western Canada with a theatrical company, we chanced to stop for an hour at a junction, the name of which I do not recall. Leaning wearily against the station master's cabin was a billboard, and upon it were these words: "The Crow Dramatic Company, in an immense scenic revival of Goethe's immortal drama 'Faust.' The great Brocken scene. Presented by an excellent company with every detail. Prices 25cts to $1."

"Pray, where is the theatre?" I asked the baggage helper, who I am sure was seldom employed on the town's baggage.

"Ain't no theatre," he replied laconically, "but we've the dandy school-house."

"Any stage in it?"

"Teacher's platform," said he proudly.

And sure enough that brave little company of Thespians had been touring for years, father and daughters and a few others, with a small kit of scenery, adapting themselves and their plays to any and every surrounding. One day they played a schoolhouse with "Faust" or "The Lady of Lyons," or a mauled version of the forgotten "The Stranger," or some other bygone piece. On feast days, the company presented their own version of a drama called "Hamlet," written by a certain Englishman, since deceased. I have watched performances in Moosomin of "David Garrick," in which the brave David looked soulfully up at the heavy rafters lined with cobwebs, and wondered whether "Dick" would fall over the local sheriff's punch bowl which the property man had borrowed that afternoon and laid at the star's entrance. At the village of Enderby, in British Columbia, I well remember a show of "Prince Otto" given on a stage less than ten feet deep and fifteen feet wide with a calico curtain that jerked up with a piece of clothes line, and where the star stood for most of his speeches on the trunks before the platform. But those were the babyhood days of the theatre. It has come within the experience, not only of western towns and villages, but of eastern as well. It is the crawl before the walk. But it goes to show the beginnings of an amusement institution in a pioneer Canadian settlement contrasted with the finished product in an adult Canadian city.

MARY ANDERSON AS "JULIET"

Fifty years ago the Canadian stage was a quaint structure. There was but a paltry handful of theatres—"a poor thing sir, but mine own." It was all we had to show for our dramatic art, and worst of all, no one seemed to care. There was the "Theatre Royal" in Montreal and the "Royal Lyceum" in Toronto, the two aristocratic houses of the Dominion. To-day, the first is

burned beneath office buildings, while the latter echoes back the rattle of factory wheels. Father Time turns some grotesque tricks.

Before 1850 the "Royal" of Montreal had become the elite theatre of the limited metropolis, gathering patronage even from the Governor General and finding favor with local society for many years, until the city's life began to centre more in the uptown section. An interesting fact in connection with the "Royal" is that in 1852 Mr. and Mrs. Maddern, the father and mother of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, the famous actress, were engaged for more than half the year playing character parts in the stock company, which frequently visited Toronto.

Some years later, Miss Mary Anderson came to the "Royal Lyceum," in Toronto, with a repertoire of which she seemed to prefer "Romeo and Juliet," and also J. W. Wallack of the famous Wallack family which built the theatre of that name in New York, long the leading playhouse in that city. Then came Lawrence Barrett, with his ponderous repertoire of classic parts and E. L. Davenport as Cassius in "Julius Caesar." The "Anthony" of Davenport's productions, it is interesting to know, lives upon a small farm near Kingston, Ontario, under the good old theatrical cognomen of "W. H. Compton." Content with the sober duties of his quiet farm life, his stage longings have found their best expression in reminiscences, which in themselves constitute a valuable theatrical history.

A few weeks ago I met an old man, playing leads in a "Graustark" company. It was Atkins Lawrence, seventy three years in this world, and crowned with the rare accomplishment of nearly fifty years as a "trouper." He told me of the visits to Canada of Mary Anderson in whose support he then was.

"In the muddy old lane leading to the gallery doors of the old 'Lyceum,'" he said with the pride of looking back on things hidden to all others, "I can see them crowding close to the doors, hours before the performance. The line lengthens for half a block, men and boys standing three and four deep waiting for the door to open. And when Miss Anderson arrives in her carriage there goes up a mighty shout of joy, for in those days it was not considered foolish to show enthusiasm. Night after night that old theatre would be packed with eager spectators, who came not from a sense of pastime but of privilege.

"But oh, the hardships of the actor in those same 'palmy' days! He had little or no social standing; he was to many a sort of wandering troubadour, repeating his strange incantations in one town and then another, a homeless man upon the earth."

Contemporary with this state of the theatre in the East, the West presented an interesting, but not surprising contrast. It had no traveling companies of any importance, no chain of theatres such as it has to-day, not even a reputable theatre building in its whole extent. Of course it supported the suspicious "music hall," that horrible misnomer which has retained its crude meaning even until today. These places, scattered thickly through the mining camps of British Columbia (there is a most interesting one falling to pieces at Greenwood, B. C.), were pernicious in the extreme, and catered generally to the blind passions of uncouth men. I do not know whether Rossland has yet cleaned its streets of this sort of amusement institution, but three years ago they were still flourishing, half a dozen hotels maintaining small halls at the rear, where coarse women induced male patrons to swallow the performance with plenteous gulps of the boss' beer.

In the primitive days of the West the dependence for entertainment fell also upon the eternal "local talent," that not unmixed blessing which we have "always with us."

With little sign of leaping into any theatrical fervor, the growing Dominion, concerned sixteen hours of the day with its perplexing problems of youth, placed consideration of the drama as an element of its growth somewhere in the attic for future reference. It remained there until

LILLIAN RUSSELL (FROM AN OLD PORTRAIT)

about 1890, (and possibly five years later). At that time, the country was theatrically starving. It was considered unworthy of exploitation by the usually brisk United States manager from whom, under the circumstances then as now, practically all our entertainment must come. One reason for their reluctance to trust their companies in Canada was the absence of theatres, for outside a few cities the provision was lamentable. But the awakening of the American manager soon came.

The country was tried out with tours of reputable companies, and found not wanting. Some time later, Mr. Ambrose Small, once a poorly paid treasurer of the Grand Opera House, Toronto, began his string of playhouses which now cover Toronto (two houses), Hamilton, London, Guelph, Brantford, Kingston, and a score of other places, making altogether more than thirty-five houses owned by Mr. Small and his associates, a sharp group of men who saw an opportunity in their own home field and gripped it.

Then up rose "His Majesty's" in Montreal (though under a different name), "The Princess" in Toronto, and the "Winnipeg Theatre" in Winnipeg, equal to the standard demanded by touring companies.

About 1895 came a revolution in the public attitude toward the Canadian theatre. The old smug submission to a grandfather's blind prejudices was wearing out for want of mending, and folks thought a while before renewing it. The theatre, they said, should not fall beneath any doctrine of Original Sin and Eternal Condemnation. Soon clergymen, in the cities at least, dropped the playhouse from their lists of cardinal errors, and when the ban of the church was lifted, one of the first obstacles to a sound theatre in the Dominion was rolled away. Yet the drama, then as now, is the despised of our arts, even though we know it as our greatest source of pleasure; even

LILY LANGTRY, WHEN SHE FIRST CAME TO CANADA

though we grant its masterful grip on the hearts of men; even though we boast with our lips of "uplifting the stage," the while our hearts are cynically smiling. We despise the drama, for we as a people have left its introduction to a hap-hazard, commercial machine which supplies us because we pay our dollars liberally. Canada has not yet regarded her theatre in any higher altitude than the small boy with his repeating air gun.

At the time in question, however, the Dominion was regarded as a choice section to tour. There was good money in Ontario, less in Montreal and the eastern townships, but a reward for high-class "stuff" through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Westward, the country was not a paying proposition for an expensive company until Winnipeg was reached, which necessitated (and still does) striking through Detroit, St. Paul, and upward to Manitoba. From there the direct "jumps" to Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Nelson, Vancouver and Victoria are so enormously expensive that large companies may only play them by zig-zagging constantly into the States, a process quite frequently carried out. Just here, as an explanation of what our prairie cities of Canada are capable of doing, Mrs. Fiske on her tour of Canada a few years ago played to $3,000 at Calgary in a single performance, an evidence of a very wholesome local appetite, plus an ample purse

Let credit be given where it is due. In this instance, the West owes a debt to a Canadian actor, Harold Nelson, as to a pioneer worker who struggled through eight years of bitter uphill work from Winnipeg to the coast, preaching the cause of clean drama, as no other in that field has ever attempted. Mr. Nelson brought "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet" and "Richelieu" to towns and villages which saw very few stage representations the year round, and then only exceedingly poor ones. He preached Shakespeare to rough cow-punchers, and preached with intelligence and sympathy. He lectured to schools and to colleges on the drama, and incited owners of halls and "op'rys" to build better ones. As an illustration of this point, the writer has information that the present excellent theatre in the town of Phoenix, B. C., was due largely to Mr. Nelson's initiative during his visits there

It is interesting to know that at present Canadian cities are well prepared for a supply of good traveling companies, for a municipality's treatment varies in direct ratio to the fatness of its purse. Good artists demand rich rewards from managers; managers demand compensation for both the artists and themselves. The public pays for both. If it doesn't care about it, neither does the manager nor the artist. It's a very simple sum, isn't it?

Since we have our theatres fairly well established, whence must come the very necessary "shows?'

Not from Canada. It is neither desirable nor possible for another fifty years to erect any tariff wall against outside art, and try manufacturing for ourselves. In the opinion of the writer the occasional cry emitted by visionary persons for our own Canadian drama and our own stage is utter folly. Art does not trail along with the pioneer. It lags and parleys and cavils unremittingly until its own conditions of residence are provided; then only may it consent to grace us by its presence. We are ready for our Canadian Stage, or anything approximating it, neither in spirit nor in wealth. Mr. George Arliss, the noted actor who stirred New York this season with "The Devil," once discussed this point with the writer, and he said:

"If Canada raises good actors, as she does, let her send them to the United States, and vice versa. Let there be a world-stage rather than a provincial. Let us exchange our actors and our plays; it will help promote a high universal standard."

As now, so for a long time, in things theatrical, it is best for us to throw in our common lot with the United States, for the present working arrangement could be made all-sufficient—with but few modifications.

A GROUP OF OLD-TIME CHORUS GIRLS

The supply of our entertainment-trinity, comedy, tragedy and drama, for all the continent, is in the hands of a syndicate of managers centred in New York with the well-known Hebrew partners, Klaw and Erlanger, at its head. "K. and E." have in their possession long-term contracts with the best theatres in all the larger cities of the United States and Canada, and likewise corral the lion's share of dramatic and operatic artists, male and female. Outside the "Syndicate," the only element worthy of consideration (exclusive of the vaudeville field) is the David Belasco-Harrison Grey Fiske combination, whom it is said, will also have the powerful Shuberts soon deserting to their side. These latter "Independents" have a number of theatres in New York and outside, and control some excellent artists, including Mrs. Fiske, George Arliss, Frank Keenan, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Bertha Galland, Frances Starr, Blanch Bates, Charlotte Walker and others. Now these artists, with their skillfully conceived productions and plays, easily up to the current standard, have been practically debarred from the Canadian field because no playhouses were allowed to admit them. How bitterly the theatrical syndicate holds to the law of exclusion was shown by the recent necessity of Sarah Bernhardt making her tour of the United States in a circus tent, because no syndicate house dare open its doors to one so anathematized by their head office. Thus one may see how this amusement octopus has reached out to every corner of the country, elbowing independence into the ocean. Only the stock, repertoire and second-grade attractions are allowed to exist outside its pale, exclusive of that plucky band in New York, the Independents. The first "Independent" opening in Canada came only a few weeks ago through an arrangement with the "Royal Alexandra" of Toronto.

The absolute domination of the Trust from its New York City offices, and the conseqeunt subordination of local preferences or dislikes has made the local manager merely a paid janitor. Still, in all fairness let it be said that the "K. and E." control has turned chaos into order in the theatrical business, even though their

THE OLDEST THEATRE IN TORONTO

motives were purely mercenary. They have banished many unlovely elements of stage life, which flourished under the old system. None of their companies are allowed to strand, their managers do not abscond with the actors' salaries; the bookings for weeks ahead are absolutely certain, with a sure play. And so one might multiply its virtues. It has turned a twisted Bohemia into a well-ordered business village—and it has made for itself much money. Canada is to-day placed absolutely in the power of that New York group, for New York is the hub of this country's theatrical wheel, just as London concentrates the amusements of the English provinces.

Yet the point to consider in the present article is the gradual perfecting of the Canadian House of the Drama. Perhaps it may be the preparation for a dramatic soul late in coming, but in blazoning the way for some measure of artistic accomplishment, every individual in the Dominion may do his considerable part.

It has been said that Canadians have undergone an unfortunate change of taste in the last half generation. What was once the class of theatre-goer, rigid in its hatred of "cheapness" on the stage, and energetic in its championship of intellectual drama, has merged largely into the chaotic, scrambling crowd asking for amusement with their eyes and ears closed. And so that body known as "the public," stripped of its leaven, has gone the way which Yankee shows, formed from Yankee sentiment, have tried to bend it. No wonder "The Servant in The House" that superbly beautiful drama of inspiring satire and loveliness of theme, though advertised to an echo, almost exhausted its patronage in Toronto in four nights, while two burlesques, a silly musical comedy, a very frivolous opera, a vaudeville show and a melodrama often turned the people away, with two performances a day in most of them.

There are few who will assert that the theatre to-day is all it should be; fewer still who maintain that the public which attends it is any better intellectually or morally than that at which it smiles; which it applauds; and for which it pays. It will need

ATKINS LAWRENCE

more than one individual's crowbar to lift the stage from where it now lies, to restore it to the estate possessed a century ago, and for which European countries have reached out with a wisdom we do not at present possess It is because, as an institution, the drama has been despised and rejected of men, and neglected by governments to whom it should be of first concern. The drama has as much cause to be given government care and financial support as agriculture. It is an absolutely essential part of a nation's contented life, for all countries, races and tribes have their dramatic presentations, from the highly-developed work of the Comedie Francaise in Paris to the dance of the Indian on the North American reservation or the droll pantomime of the mummers in Pekin.

But the disinherited spirit of the drama in America has cringed to groups of money-makers and has done its mean chores for any master that would adopt it. Never for a moment has the country paused to think what it would do were that spirit to pack up and leave. What would sixty thousand people in the one city of Toronto do every week without their diet of theatre amusement? What, the forty or fifty thousand in Montreal, the thousands in Winnipeg or Vancouver? Our hearts rejoice for the very thing our heads profess to despise. We have failed to establish an identity of interest between the head and the heart in this particular direction, but it is by no means too late.

It has been estimated that three-quarters of the men and women who are capable of appreciating the best things in the drama never attend the theatre. If that is true, it is most regrettable and unreasonable, but I think I can find the cause—not in the theatre, but in the teachings of our theatre-hating grandfathers, whose zeal in tearing the dramatic pages from foreign magazines coming into the home, was only equaled by their inability to find a reason for it. Since Cromwell plucked the playhouse root and branch (as he thought) out of the nation, because it gave the people

ROYAL LYCEUM

King St. West, Toronto, C. W.

JOHN NICKINSON, LESSEE & MANAGER

BY PARTICULAR REQUEST!

SPECIAL REQUEST

MANY PATRONS OF THE THEATRE!

The Distinguished and Popular Tragedian, Mr. J. W.

WALLACK

THE IRON MASK

Miss C. Nickinson

THIS EVENING, THURSDAY APRIL 10, 1856.

IRON MASK

THE BASTILE

CHARACTERS

Louis de Bourbon, afterwards the Iron Mask — Mr. J. W. Wallack.

Hortense de Piermont — Miss C. Nickinson.

TIME, 1660---78.

Owing to the length of this Play no other Piece will be Performed with it.

To-morrow, Friday, BENEFIT of M. J. W. WALLACK "Lady of Lyons" and "Black Eyed Susan."

REQUEST

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN VIVE L'EMPEREUR

A PLAYBILL OF 1856

entertainment, that same wave of intolerance has sent its ripples out to the present day. Thus Canada is filled with that anti-spirit, though it is significant that the clergy are not coming out in bitter attack as once was the prescribed form in the fall, when the theatre season begins.

Our newspapers, which under sane and competent guidance could do a world of good for the theatre and its patrons, are in the main, a wishy-washy influence, printing what the business office wills; to this however we have some genuine exceptions in our leading cities, but the honesty is not epidemic by any means.

A determination of the intellectual portion of the community to support the good and refuse to condone the mediocre would work a magic cure in an incredibly brief time. But the words "support the good" should be underlined as the first duty. Here is a fine illustration: A certain professor of English in a Canadian university, whom I knew intimately, was such an ardent and sincere student of the drama that he took great pains to prove to the local theatre manager his earnestness, and to set an example to his students and fellow citizens. He would go to every Shakesperean or other classic masterpieces, whether played by good or bad actors. He brought his entire family to see Martin Harvey in "The Only Way," Robert Mantell in "Richelieu" and Louis James in "Virginius." When Sir Henry Irving came to Detroit, the professor economized on his pocket money until he had the price of a railway ticket and a night's lodging, and then packed his lunch into a valise and fled. If every member of the so-called "Elect" in a community had but half of that professor's conviction and an eighth of his courage, what a glorious revolution would be started by to-morrow—what a freshening of our theatrical fig-tree!

But to reform anything on earth needs something more than lisping platitudes in a neighbor's drawing room. An actor friend used to say to me: "Mere talk never won anything, and has damned a dozen movements for stage reform. Where wise sayings are the sole support of a scheme, there is about as much chance of success as followed the colored man who on a gloomy night went down cellar with an extinguished candle to look for a black cat that wasn't there."

It is for us to answer whether we Canadians shall any longer regard the drama as a mighty instrument for the mental, moral, and spiritual uplift of all the people, or merely, as is now the unhappy case, as a rollicking Christmas tree entertainment.

HER COMING

BY S. WELLWOOD

FOR you the mountains shall put on
Their golden raiment in the dawn;
Diana's bow shall beautify
The jewelled valance of the sky.

For you the waters shall be blue,
The faithful pines their youth renew;
For you again the rose shall flame,
The birds shall call you by your name.

From out the estranging distance seen
Of half a world that lies between,
Your face shall haunt no more, but be
The vision I have longed to see.

CAPE CARS ON THE GOOSE LAKE LINE, SASKATOON

THE RURAL NUCLEUS

BY CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON

Professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago]

SECOND PAPER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

NOTHING has contributed more to the development of the Canadian West than its excellent school system. From the last report of the Department of Education of Alberta, we glean most recent and interesting statistics:

"The year was one of exceptional growth and expansion, and was consequently a strenuous one, so far as the work of the department is concerned. One hundred and fifty-six new school districts were erected during the year, making an average of a new school district every two week-days. In addition to this the number of departments in operation in our graded schools increased by 183, so that the number of schools requiring to be supplied with teachers and financial assistance actually increased by 339. The territory included in the newly-formed districts averages about seventeen or eighteen sections, so that the districts erected during the year cover an area of approximately 2,800 square miles.

"In the work of organization, many difficulties confront us owing to the fact that schools are required in many outlying districts where as yet there are but few roads and bridges. As a consequence, comparatively small streams and lakes are necessarily made the boundaries of such districts. While it is the constant aim of the department to render every possible assistance in this work and to simplify the procedure as much as possible, yet every care must be exercised to see that the organization is in strict accordance with the requirements of the school ordinances.

"Forms of petition for the erection of districts, printed forms of notices, poll sheets, etc., together with explicit instructions relative to procedure are supplied upon application to the department; and any three residents of a proposed school district, who upon its erection would be liable to taxation, may form themselves into a committee to undertake the preliminary work connected with the establishment of such district. Before its formation, a proposed district must contain at least four residents who would be liable to taxation, and at least twelve children between the ages of five and sixteen inclusive. Those qualified to vote for or against the erection of a school district are persons of the full age of

FARMING NEAR BRANDON

twenty-one years actually resident within the proposed district for at least two months immediately prior to date of poll and who would be liable to taxation as owners or occupants of assessable property upon the establishment of a district.

"Immediately upon the completion of the prescribed procedure and the return of the necessary statements to the department, the district is 'erected' by order of the Minister of Education, and a notice is published in the official gazette. The duly elected trustees of the district are forthwith in a position to arrange for the erection of a school house, the employment of a teacher and taxation of the assessable lands in the district.

"It is most gratifying to note that very rarely a feeling antagonistic to the formation of a district is evinced. The ordinances, however, provide for such a case. Should such a contingency arise, and it has been shown that an area suitable for a school district contains (a) at least twenty children between the ages of five and sixteen inclusive; (b) ten persons actually residing therein who on the erection of the district would be liable to assessment; and (c) six thousand acres of assessable land, the Minister may on his own initiative order the erection of the district. Should the elected board of trustees neglect or refuse to administer the affairs of the district as required by the school ordinance, an official trustee may be appointed to manage the affairs of such district and upon the appointment of such official trustee the board of the district for which he is appointed shall cease to hold office as such.

"All schools established and operated under the school ordinance are maintained partly by taxation and partly by legislative grants. In rural districts the single land-tax system prevails and the maximum rate of taxation in these districts is ten cents per acre. In village and town district all property both real and personal (not exempt under the ordinances) is liable to taxation on a valuation basis—the rate in such districts cannot exceed twelve mills on the dollar for ordinary school purposes, though an additional rate to meet debenture indebtedness may be levied. The resident ratepayers of each district elect trustees, who form the executive to administer the affairs of their district.

"A comparison of salaries earned

COUNTRY SCHOOL AND CHURCH EDMONTON DISTRICT

during the past three years would indicate that, generally speaking, a decided increase has taken place. In the schools open during the whole year, the average salaries paid to first class male teachers during 1905, 1906 and 1907 were $741.08, $807.10, and $910.05 respectively. Female teachers holding the same grade of certificate, averaged during these years $615 63, $610 01, and $652.55. Male teachers holding second class certificates averaged $620.90, $640.50 and $674.40; while female teachers holding the same grade of certificate averaged during these years, $572.10, $585 07 and $574.40 respectively."

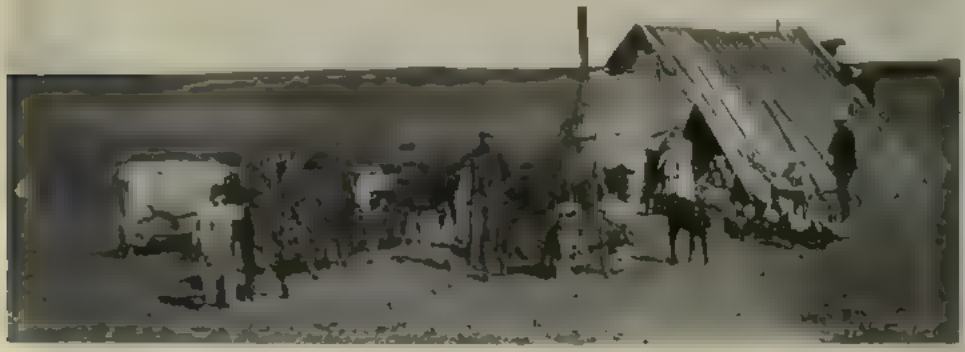
Is this isolated group of beginners working alone? Spend an hour with the Ministers of Agriculture and of Education and of Land Titles in Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton and see how the whole campaign is thought out. Ask the Minister of Education

PRIMITIVE METHODS DO NOT PREVAIL ON WESTERN CANADIAN FARMS

and his assistants how they conciliate the Doukhobors, the Mennonites, the Roman Catholics and the Greek Catholics; how simple fair dealing and kindly tact overcome their age long prejudices and win them to support the public free schools, so that while parochial schools are legally permitted, they are not desired. We in the United States have yet to learn how simple is the problem of uniting civil liberty with freedom of religious teaching. In western Canada, under difficult conditions, with a motley population, good sense and a wise school law have achieved pronounced success; the rights of all are maintained, the deep religious instincts of the immigrants are not suffocated, and they are not driven by law to establish and support separate parochial schools. Religion and patriotism are not set against each other as with us. With less tactful school officials no doubt troubles would multiply; but western Canada seems to have found out how to select strong and wise men for these delicate tasks.

A WESTERN TYPE

So the nascent community feels itself from the first moment to be a factor in a great system of education. When an adolescent looks over the vast prairies, watches the ripening of a golden harvest, dreams of higher education in the long winter months, he knows he will not be obliged to expatriate himself in order to attain his academic grades. The Agricultural College at Winnipeg, as truly missionary in spirit as any missionary society, is pioneering the way in the conquest of nature by science and the arts. Soon each province will be rival of the others in establishing Normal Schools, Universities, professional schools to meet the varied needs of a vigorous, alert, ambitious and successful people. As yet no baleful city influence depresses and perverts this movement of farmers. The rural vil-



THEY HAVE JUST ARRIVED IN SASKATCHEWAN

lage is still dominant. Speculation of course is not confined to the towns; often the farmer's head is turned by the wild desire to get rich quickly. That is inevitable. But the ordinary habits of life are guided by a steady industry which sobers, keeps families close to reason and reality, cools the fever of gambling and gives appetite for wholesome food rather than morbid land hunger.

Where conditions are favorable, as at a railway crossing, a town may quickly grow out of a village. In less than three years from the first settlement, one may find not only warehouses and elevators, but excellent brick school houses, neat churches, a hospital, brick yards and a local newspaper. Some of the hotels are in excellent condition, with clean beds and good table. How much of this is due to the legal requirement that liquor can be sold only in hotels?

The rural and village schools are often in partnership with the universities of Ontario and Manitoba. They pay the students fifty to seventy dollars a month during the summer to conduct their work of instruction and the surplus earnings carry the young man through several months of further studies. A student who can speak German fairly well is especially in demand where immigrants are numerous.

Another indication of the co-operation of provincial and local authorities is found in the telephone trunk lines which are extended in many directions ready to be utilized by the farmers as soon as they erect their own neighborhood lines and desire communication over a wider area.

In short, the West, with its wealth of natural resources and its strong men who know when and how to mold those resources for the benefit of the people is forging ahead more and more rapidly; is becoming more and more recognized as the "nucleus" whence come and shall continue to come many of the greatest men of the country; the "nucleus" where the future destiny of Canada shall be decided.

ACQUAINTANCE

BY PRESTON M. WILLIS

TWO leaves afloat upon a forest stream,
Fared side by side;
Together floated on awhile,
But parted by an eddy's wile—
To meet again?
Perchance again,
But farther down that gliding, forest stream.

We met upon Life's changeful, mystic stream;
Toiled side by side,
Together we toiled on awhile;
But parted by Dame Fortune's wile—
To meet again?
Perchance again,
But farther down Life's changeful, gliding stream.

THE GUARDIAN

BY GEORGE H. CUSHING

ILLUSTRATED BY L. J. HERNDON (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

MY wife was on a prolonged visit to relatives and feeling the need of companionship, I called for "Jack" Sherman and carried him off to dinner at our apartments.

When we took the train it was beginning to snow and by the time we reached our destination, a northern blizzard had set in. After the dishes had been cleared away and the coffee and cigars brought on, the roar of the lake was borne distinctly to our ears above the whistling of the wind around the corners of the building.

Without any particular reason and certainly without warrant in the preceding conversation, I made a casual remark about the Howes who, in their beautiful and yet strangely-sad devotion to one another, had attracted me strongly. At the mention of their names, Sherman, a keen student of all things occult, took a fresh cigar and related their story. I shall try to repeat it as he gave it to me on that wild night in December. It ran like this:

"My friends often wonder, you among them I presume, why occult questions appeal to me so strongly. Eleven years ago I was rich in three of the best friends a man ever had. There was one handsome, dashing young fellow, Dan Richards, the sole heir and idol of his supposedly rich old puritanical father. The second was Eugene Followell, a poet by nature but a musician by profession. The third was Gordon Howe. Although there was a close bond of fellowship uniting all of us, Richards and Howe were particularly intimate. Oddly enough, they loved the same girl, Mary Lewis (now Mrs. Howe), but then the orphaned ward of Dan's father and living under her guardian's roof. That she loved Dan, we all knew, but I believed her heart went out to Howe who, in his manly fashion, was fighting against adverse circumstances and taking the world's rebuffs with a smiling indifference.

"One night, while we were gathered at the Richards' home, it was announced that Dan and Mary were to be married on the forthcoming Christmas eve. I was attracted by the tortured look upon Dan's face as he watched to see how Gordon would take the news. I, too, turned that way in time to see Howe's face blanch and his hands tremble as the fateful sentence was uttered. In a moment, that splendid fellow was himself again and he sprang to his feet grabbing Dan in his arms. When they separated and stood with hands clasped, tears were in the eyes of each; one man had found a true friend and the other rejoiced that the man he loved would be happy.

"On the following morning, the dead body of Dan Richards was found in his room and near it lay his revolver with one chamber discharged.

"About a year after that mournful occurrence, I went in some perplexity to Followell's studio to learn what he could make out of the announcement, suddenly made and as suddenly recalled, that Howe and Mary were to marry. While we were talking and becoming more perplexed as each surmise was hazarded and rejected, the door opened and Gordon came in. On his face was the same hunted look we had seen, of late, and, strangely in contrast to his usual manner, he seemed to carry an air of helplessness. He was almost ashamed to meet us and yet it was evident that he had something to say—something that somehow must be told, even though he discredited his own message. Seldom

have I seen mortal shift so irresolutely between conflicting emotions and desires. The struggle had brought great beads of perspiration to his forehead, although it was cold outside and he had come far.

" 'Don't think me queer, boys,' he said in a voice that was hardly his own, 'I knew you were talking about me and were perplexed. I knew, or at least I felt, that you needed me and so I came; I dropped everything to come for it is important that you know the truth. Don't look at me that way, boys, for God's sake, don't. You wonder how I knew; that is beyond me. I only know that, half an hour ago, I seemed to be talking with Dan and he bade me come. Now that I am here, I don't know what to tell you, but it concerns vitally that of which you were just talking.'

"Terror was plainly written in every line of his face and his big strong body shook as though he were a frail, frightened woman. To our amazement, he dropped his head on his arms and cried like a child. We both saw that he was physically exhausted and while I induced him to rest on the couch, Eugene took down his violin and played some tender melody, soothing to the overwrought nerves, and Howe sank into a profound sleep.

"We talked the matter over in hushed tones. I was inclined to treat it lightly, declaring it was evidently a physical breakdown from overwork and from brooding over the loss of his friend. I argued that the recent keen disappointment had come as a climax to his troubles, with the result we had just witnessed; excitable nerves and a touch of mental telepathy incident to the keenness of diseased organs. Followell had quite another theory.

" 'Jack,' he said, solemnly, and waited a moment to arrest my whole attention, 'Dan Richards was here with Howe, he did bring him and he did try to tell us some urgent and important truth. More than that, Jack, I am convinced that Dan was previously in this room with us, heard what we said and would have told us, but for the fact that we are physically strong enough to repel approaches by the spirits. On the other hand, Howe is worn out physically, he has been grieving his heart out on two accounts and has been spending much of his time, lately, in solitude. Under those conditions, man is susceptible to control by earth bound spirits. When Dan could not speak through us, he went to Howe, hoping to find an effective mouthpiece. Did you notice how incoherent, how vague and purposeless was everything Gordon said? That, to my mind, was sure indication of an effort of an earthbound spirit trying to use a physical organism over which it has not absolute control. Such efforts have been made often, but they fail, always.'

"A steady strong pressure of his hand upon my shoulder told me that he had more to say, elsewhere, so I backed into a closet used for a music room. I shall never forget the haggard look upon his face as he leaned against the door and whispered hoarsely:

" 'And do you know, Jack, students of psychic questions tell me that Dan is a lost soul; suicide is the unpardonable sin. I——'

"An unearthly, terrified, fiendish scream came from the couch. Bewildered partly by the spell of recent events, partly by the influence of Eugene's statement and partly by this latest development, we were paralyzed temporarily. We saw Howe spring to his feet, look about him wildly and then dash down the stairs. When we had regained control of ourselves and had reached the street, he was gone. To take up pursuit, further than to be sure we actually had missed him, might have led us to the opposite point of the compass. The next step was determined by Eugene:

" 'I know I can trust you to hunt for him diligently and find him if it is possible. As I shall not be at home tonight, you may take my key in case you and he should need a place down town. As for me, I am going among my friends for there is some terrible secret behind this which I must and will know. Poor Dan. Poor Dan.'

"About ten o'clock the following morning my telephone bell rang and I heard a confusion of sobs and ex-

clamations urging me to do something quickly because some one in distress needed me. With difficulty I came to realize that the voice was Mary's, that the person in distress was Howe and that I was to go forthwith to the probate court. In view of what Eugene had said and of the events of the preceding day, I needed no further urging.

" 'That was what I feared yesterday,' said Followell, as I gasped out my information in an effort to get him to go with me to use his influence with the courts, which was strong. 'I cannot go myself and doubt the value of your going. You may comfort him, but this is a case which the law and the doctors do not understand. I have other and more important things to do—no, Jack, I am not heartless, this bears on the case—and must do them. I am beginning to unravel the mystery and have already learned enough to confirm my gravest suspicions.'

"Even with these sentences ringing in my ears, bringing with each repetition some conjecture more impossible than the last, I was not prepared for what had actually happened. Gordon, guarded on either side by a policeman, was sitting beside a long table. Mr. Richards, Dan's father, had just taken the witness stand and was beginning a story which he told as though doing a stern duty toward the state. Before he had uttered three sentences, I knew that Eugene was right, that my mission was hopeless, and that no statement of his would alter the situation one whit.

" 'Last night,' said Mr. Richards, 'I remained at my office beyond the accustomed time and was working at my desk when the outer door opened and the defendant entered. His face was that of a demon, his fists were clenched and his frame was shaking with anger. In language which I shall not repeat, he called me a robber and a thief and in a transport of frenzy shrieked: 'The law does not always punish a murderer but I will.' Then he raised a chair over his head and would have felled me had I not slipped past him and summoned the officer. He will tell what happened next.'

"Following the testimony of the officer, a cold-blooded, long-fingered doctor stepped forward to question Howe. When he attempted to defend himself, Gordon was confused and irrational. He told of having heard voices but could not understand fully what they intended to say. He was convinced that an injustice had been done, that he and others had been robbed (of what he did not know) and the accusing fingers pointed always toward Mr. Richards. He could not recall what had taken place on the preceding evening.

"At the conclusion of this awful recital I turned, sick at heart, to the window. Although the fresh air revived me considerably, I saw, only in a dazed way, the doctor nod to the judge and heard, as though afar off, the businesslike verdict of the court committing my friend to a state institution. I tried to comfort him but he was lost in a reverie as though trying to recall something that had happened. When they led him away I walked back to the studio turning over in my mind how the outcome of this second tragedy in a year, might be told toMary.

"When I broke the news to Eugene, he went instantly to the telephone and informed Mary that Gordon had merely broken down from overwork and was to be taken to a sanitarium for a rest of a few weeks. Then he turned to me with some further instructions and told me to return there the following night at nine.

" 'When you do come,' he said, 'question nothing, say nothing, and above all do not ridicule. If by any possible stretch of your practical mind you can do so—believe. It really is dangerous to my plans for you to be there, as we will have one scoffer and two might spoil everything, but I want you to see and understand. Come at nine and help as much as you can.'

"Ten years ago tonight was another such night as this. As I walked along the street, the wind was sometimes so strong as to compel me to seek shelter behind a friendly wall, a hard sleety snow was falling and the lake was roaring like a distant battle. Only those who had to ventured out.

"Ten others had arrived at the studio before I did, and eight of them were strangers to me. These eight were sitting around a table, their hands spread out, palms downward with thumbs and little fingers touching. Beyond them, crouching in a big chair, was Mr. Richards and leaning against the wall was Followell playing softly on his violin.

"I recalled then what he had said about the materialization of spirits, that the human mind relaxes under the spell of soft music, to permit the body to give off the aura in which the disembodied spirit must clothe itself. I knew Eugene believed that only the aura of the sex of the spirit was effective and noted that all the strangers were men. Beyond that I would not permit myself to be curious or skeptical. It was evident from the beginning that there was some new atmosphere about this familiar place which I could not then and cannot now describe; if permitted to say as much, I should call it the influence of the after-world. I began now to understand what had been occupying the musician for the preceding forty-eight hours.

"I was soon lost in a reverie, the strangest and most uncanny I had ever experienced. Somehow the solitary lamp, burning low in the centre of the table and the weird, solemn music brought back all the memories of the old days when Dan was with us. Some time had passed thus when my attention was attracted by the quick, labored breathing of those around the table. A phosphorescent vapor arose from their bodies and began whirling in eddies above them, settling more and more into a fixed figure. The violin which had continued its pleading music sank to a low drone intensifying the spell that was over us all.

"My mind was caught by a cross current and I turned toward Mr. Richards to see him sitting upright, his cheeks blanched and his bulging eyes fixed upon the electric eddies. I looked where he looked and saw standing as though in mid-air the dim but real outlines of the naked figure of Dan. In the tension of the moment the violin stopped playing and the room became so deathly still we could hear the beating of our own hearts.

"The supreme moment of the experiment was just ahead. Had they the power to endow the apparition with speech?

"Every nerve was strained as we waited—hours and days it seemed to us—for the denouement. Out of that awful stillness, a voice spoke slowly, faintly and yet distinctly. My heart stood still—it was the voice of Dan.

" 'I must be brief, for the vital force you have so kindly loaned me is limited. I am the spirit of Dan Richards, convicted by the Judge of All Things of the unpardonable sin of self-destruction. Before going my allotted way I want to explain that which has perplexed you, my comrades of other days.

" 'My father, for a grievous wrong committed in his youth, endowed the orphan of his victim with a portion of his wealth. In the pride of his old age, he had ventured and lost that which belonged to her and also most of that which was his own. He had saved a part of his estate for my protection and endeavored to secure her by forcing us into an union against her wish. Concerning the disposal of my property, you will find a note among my papers.

" 'These facts my father confided to me after having exacted a promise of secrecy during life. I could not dishonor my word and yet I could not ask her who loved another to marry me. You know my choice. For a year, ignorantly, I have been following my friend trying to give him the truth and my bitter reward is the charge made against him yesterday and sustained. From to-night he is free, for I go my way——'

"A chair moved violently along the floor, a string of the violin snapped and the others sang as though they were being whirled through the air and then the lamp was dashed to pieces and the violin lay in splinters on the table. When we had struck a light, Mr. Richards was gone. We never saw him afterwards."

THE WONDERFUL WATERS OF CANADA

BY CY WARMAN

Author of "Weiga of Temagami," etc,

PONCE DE LEON wasted his life hunting through Florida and other southern sections of the United States for the Fountain of Youth. Ponce de Leon made a mistake. He should have hunted for it in Canada at Abenakis, Radnor, or the Salt Lake of Saskatchewan, or St. Catherine's Well. Had old Ponce come to any of these he might have well concluded that he had indeed found at last the fabled "Fountain of Youth."

But after the discovery of America, Canada lay for a long time practically an undiscovered wilderness and it was many hundreds of years after Ponce de Leon that others quite accidentally discovered the wonderful waters of Canada.

Radnor was discovered by the late Dr. William Henry Drummond who called to see a patient and feeling thirsty took a drink at the farm house well before he went away. The water tasted strange and he took a small quantity away with him for analysis. He discovered its wonderful qualities and so Radnor became known to the world.

The Yankees chased the British north from Niagara with so much zeal that they left their doctors and medicines far behind. Finding themselves with many wounded on their hands they took the advice of the Indians and halted to take care of their injured at St. Catherine's Well. When the doctors and the medicines finally arrived they found to their great astonishment that the injured were all improving rapidly. The British advanced, drove the Yankees back and saved St. Catherine's Well to Canada.

The locating engineers of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway bathed in an innocent looking sun-kissed lake near Saskatoon, and discovered to their great surprise that they could almost float on the water without effort, so buoyant was it. They found the water was very salt and charged with minerals and they likened the lake to Great Salt Lake, the most saline of all the waters of which we know with the single exception of the Dead Sea of Syria. An aged man, pain-racked and crippled, bathed here and found out that the most wonderful thing about the newly-discovered lake was not its salt properties but its curative power. The old man claimed that bathing in the Salt Lake of Saskatchewan had not only freed him of all his infirmities but had made him twenty-five years younger, and the fame of the lake spread far and wide.

The Abenakis Indians claim the honor of discovering the wonderful healing springs on the St. Francis. But the Indians got the secret from the red deer. They noticed that the animals, wounded or sick, made straight for the waters of the St. Francis but once there, instead of drinking the water of the river which was clear as crystal, they would dig holes with their hoofs in the ground near the river and drink the water as it seeped in out of the earth. The Abenakis tried this plan. The results were so wonderful that their old, infirm and sick discarded all other methods of the "medicine man" and bathed only in the springs around the St. Francis.

By word of mouth, the story of the "Fountain of Youth" as the Abenakis called the spot, travelled among the

Indians of Canada. An old Indian chief in a region far removed, found himself going blind. His medicine men tried all their art in vain. Month by month, his sight grew dimmer until he resigned himself to perpetual night. Then he heard stories of the wonderful waters of the St. Francis and decided to make a pilgrimage to the spot. His hogan was far to the West in the haunts of Hiawatha but he started out for the land of the Abenakis, stumbling over portages and paddling in the hazy twilight that had settled down upon him.

When he arrived, his sight was so far gone he would not have accomplished the last few miles had not the friendly Abenakis found him and led him to a pool where he began bathing his eyes. He drank of the water and bathed in it continually. From almost the day of his arrival he grew better, his sight returned and in two moons he walked boldly upright, a new man. So deeply impressed was he with the miracle wrought that he refused to go back to his own people but lived out his life with the Abenakis where he might always be near the "Fountain of Youth."

All this happened forty-eight years ago but it was this story that first attracted the present owner of Abenakis Spring and caused him to acquire the property. To-day there is a big hotel at the springs where at any time you will encounter people from the four corners of the globe. Many come as summer visitors for there is bathing and boating on the beautiful St. Francis, which flows through a lake and empties into the St. Lawrence river not far away.

To visit the place and hear the stories told by those who come there sick, half blind, or on crutches, one gets the impression that old Ponce de Leon was not so visionary as historians assert, but that his only mistake was one of location. All claim to have been either greatly benefited or completely cured by the waters of St. Francis. They will show you a store room at the hotel with heaps of dust-covered canes and crutches that were not needed by their owners when they went away, well and happy. And so even if you go to scoff, you will remain to drink and bathe in the fabled waters.

The fame of the wonderful waters of Canada has spread around the world although it is probably true that many who live not far from one of these healing fountains are like the Montreal man who journeyed all the way to Berlin to consult a great specialist. The learned doctor looked his patient over carefully and then told him there was but one place where he could find relief for his peculiar malady.

"Name it," said the Montreal man, "I don't care where it is, I'll go there."

"It is a place called Abenakis," said the doctor, "in the province of Quebec, which is in Canada."

"Oh fudge," said the patient, "Why I can go out there in two hours.

So he paid the fat fee, came back to Montreal, went out to Abenakis in two hours and was cured.

And so it may be that some will have to go clear to Berlin or Baden-Baden in order to discover Abenakis Springs on the St. Francis, but the many new hotels that are now building at the springs and around the other spots where are found the wonderful waters of Canada, seem to show that their number is growing smaller and smaller year by year.

DR. FIXER GAMBLES IN COBALT

BY JOHN DAY

Author of "Dr. Fixer Rescues the Orphan"

ILLUSTRATED BY F. H. DILLON.

"PARDON me, but if you are through with the paper, may I have a look at it?"

It was a sunny afternoon in Montreal.

The man seated at the other end of the wide park bench in Viger Square, turned his head toward the one from whom the request had come and nodded a good-natured assent.

"Certainly. Go to it, old man. I've finished what little there is in it."

The last speaker, who had sauntered from the big hotel across the square to revel in the bright spring sunshine after his mid-day breakfast, took in with keen glance the half-shabby man who had sunk wearily into the unoccupied seat. The shabbiness was of the genteel kind, carefully brushed hat, clothes and shoes, and the coat buttoned close—probably to hide a soiled shirt. A man who was up against it, evidently.

In sharp contrast was the well-fed and carefully-groomed stranger, who looked toward the half-shabby one once more, and saw that he had turned to the classified advertisements, headed "Help Wanted".

Doc Floyd, more or less successful wooer of fortune in devious ways, with half-closed eyes watched the sparrows disporting in the nearby fountain. He saw that, while some of them seemingly were at play, others were busy tugging at threads and scraps of paper which they carried away to the tree tops—feathered artisans, busy at home building. He felt the breath of spring, and with it a restlessness that bade him be up and doing.

For all that he was bound about by a look of prosperity, the winter had not been altogether filled with profit. A carefully planned deal whereon he had spent many weeks of work and a goodly sum of money had fallen flat. Just the day before, an intended victim having smelled a mouse, then discovered it, had vanished.

"Well, I'm better off than my friend here. He seems to be looking for a job," he mused. "Just because one game fell through is no reason why the next won't be all right."

As he turned again, he saw that the man was absorbed in a column which proclaimed that a new and richer-than-ever strike had been made at Cobalt. He had only glanced at the heading of the article himself, but now that his

attention was called to it, a fresh idea began to work in his mind. He waited until the other had finished the article, and then broke the silence.

"You seemed to be interested in that Cobalt thing. Do you know anything about that country?" he inquired.

"I should say I did," was the half-savage reply. "I ought to. I went broke there last fall. I'm sorry now that I left. Wish I was back."

"How was that? Did the sharks get you or did you dig into bare dirt!"

"Oh, it was the sharks all right. They cleaned me good. They all but picked my bones. I wouldn't mind it so much, but ——"

The man seemed suddenly to realize that he was discussing his hard luck, and broke off. He looked up and saw the eyes of the stranger upon him. They were kindly gray eyes, that seemed to invite just such confidences as he had been about to indulge in. There was a good-humored twinkle in them.

"Why don't you go on and tell me about it?" spoke the stranger, in tones that were not to be denied. "I was getting interested. I've just been thinking of trying my talents in Cobalt. What was it that made the deal so particularly distressing?"

It is not in human nature to refrain at some time or other from telling a hard luck story. It would be almost impossible for any one to resist such an invitation, given in such a frank, big-hearted way, so the man with the grievance poured it forth to interested ears.

"The thing that made it so hard," went on the man with the story to tell, "was that it was my wife's money that I lost. We had just been married. It was only a year ago to-day, and I had a month's furlough from the railroad office where I had been working. We both wanted to get into the open country for a change, and I'd heard so much of Cobalt and the fortunes that were being made there that we decided on a trip to that section.

"I didn't know a thing about mines or mining, but I got the fever the day after we struck the camp. They were taking out slabs of pure silver as big as a side of bacon, and shipping ore worth $50,000 a carload. We had intended having a good time fishing in the little lakes, but the fever wasn't to be helped with a rod and line. I wanted to get into the game.

"My wife got it almost as bad as myself, and you couldn't blame us when they pointed out a man who once had tried to sell his claim for $25,000, and not finding a buyer had spent $400 in working it himself, and inside of three months was worth more than a million. They told us a lot of other stories—and true ones, too—of the same kind.

"We met Colonel Lawrence Tooker. He took us all right. I never suspected that he was other than what he seemed, a gentleman and a miner of wealth and experience. The Colonel handled me in good shape, professing to a certain fancy that he had taken to my wife and myself as soon as he had met us at the hotel. He agreed to let me in on the ground floor on a good proposition for $5,000, which was just the amount that had been paid over to my wife by the trustees of her uncle's estate the day we were married. I got $50,000 worth of stock certificates in the Minnie Gray Mine—organized by the Colonel, and capitalized for a million dollars. Besides this, I was offered a job in the office of the company at $175 a month. Of course I resigned my place with the railroad.

"Everything looked lovely at first. We built a little shack and put enough cheap furniture in it to make a home, and started out to make a fortune. Before the summer had gone, Colonel Tooker had sold out the allotment of stock for promotion at ten cents a share. He cleared up nearly $50,000 on the deal and never spent $500 in actual work on the claim. I woke up when he took the money and bought property adjoining the Minnie Gray from his own cousin. He got the money back again himself, and so far as any one knows, the Minnie Gray isn't worth a dollar bill. The Colonel pleaded poverty to me when I asked him how I was going to get out. Said any one was liable to make a mistake, especially in mining; that the Minnie

Gray property was no good, and that he would sell all his shares at a cent apiece.

"We came to Montreal when the cold weather set in, but when I tried to get my old job back I was informed that the railroad did not care for a man who had been mixed up in a shady mining game. I've had two or three odd jobs since, but we've had to live, for the most part, on the rent we get for the shack we left at Cobalt, and that's precious little."

"And what became of the Colonel?" asked Floyd.

"Oh, I heard a few days ago that he had another mine that actually is making loads of money. He never sold a cent of stock in it, and he only has one partner."

"What did you do with your fifty thousand shares of stock in the Minnie Gray? Did you keep it?"

"Oh, I kept it all right and I'm likely to go on keeping it. I did have an offer of a half a cent a share for it yesterday from a broker, or just $250 for what had cost us $5,000. We needed the money and I was going to take it, but when I went back this morning they told me the deal was off; that the customer they wanted the stock for had another property in mind when he asked for the Minnie Gray."

For a moment the quick brain of Doc Floyd was working. He seemed to decide some debated point as he muttered to himself, "I'll do it," and turning to his newly-made acquaintance, said: "I'll give you $500 for that stock. I think I can use it."

"What!" almost gasped the surprised young clerk. "Haven't I just told you it's worthless?"

"Maybe you did, and maybe it is. But I think I see a use for it. You say your old friend Colonel Tooker is getting rich now?"

"Yes, I understand he is counted in the millionaire class at Cobalt."

"Well, I believe Col. Tooker needs the services of 'Old Dr. Fixer.' The old Doctor just lost a case, and he's anxious to get another one. Yes, I must meet your friend, Col. Tooker, and that little batch of stock of yours is worth $500 as a card of introduction."

"If you think you can get anything out of the Colonel you will be badly fooled," replied the amazed young man. "He's one of the slickest old swindlers that ever did business. I've heard something of his record since I got back here to Montreal. Why, he's been mixed up in shady mining deals all through the States."

"The slicker they think they are, the better 'Old Dr. Fixer' will like them," laughed Floyd. "Come on over to the hotel with me and let's get better acquainted. We'll start now by telling each other our right names. Mine's Floyd—Robert Struthers Floyd."

"My name is Frank Anderson," replied the younger man, as the two sealed the formal introduction with a hearty hand clasp.

When they reached Floyd's apartments, which were among the best the hotel afforded, the big, good-natured man 'phoned to the office for cigars and Scotch and soda. Anderson concluded it was not all a dream when he had counted the bank notes that were paid over to him after the bellboy had signed his name as a witness to the stock transfer.

"And now you will have luncheon with me, and then you can go and tell Mrs. Anderson that 'Old Dr. Fixer' is on his way to Cobalt this afternoon to doctor a slick Colonel and a sick mine. Don't say another word about this transaction to any one else until you hear from me again. But you may tell her that her $5,000 may not be lost entirely. I've seen worse things than a sick mine brought to life."

II.

Colonel Lawrence Tooker sat in his Cobalt office. This office, while being on the first floor of a small frame building, was metropolitan in the modernity of its fittings. The Colonel believed in show, and also in comfort. Just now he could afford both. He was on the top of the heap of prosperity. Things were coming his way. Fortune was his, now in hand. He had just completed the perusal of his morning letters, and sat in satisfied contemplation of the wreaths of smoke that came from a perfecto of the best

brand, when his office door opened and he was aroused from his day dreams. What he saw was a man, younger than himself, and bearing the mark of prosperity all over him, from the careful fit of the rough suit, built for outdoor wear, to the well-fed look and contented smile that betoken self-satisfaction.

"Colonel Tooker, I believe," the stranger said as he advanced. "My name is Floyd. I've heard something of what's doing here in your camp, and I thought there might be something I could pick up."

"Very glad indeed to make your acquaintance," responded the affable Colonel. "Have a chair—and here's a cigar. Happy to be at your service. Anything I can do, command me."

"Well, in the first place, I have a small block of stock in a piece of property that you control—the Minnie Gray. I wanted to talk with you about it."

A cold, hard look came over the face of Colonel Tooker, and this Doc Floyd did not miss, although he pretended to be interested in gazing at a blue print on the wall.

"As to that property," remarked Colonel Tooker, once more assuming his affability, "I'm afraid you have little value in your holdings. I am sorry, but I hold a large block of the stock myself—a matter of a half-million shares, or something like that. I lost considerable money there, but fortunately I've been able to get into something better since and recoup. Why, I'd almost play you a game of seven-up for the whole thing."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Floyd. "So you are in for a sporting proposition, are you? Well, I didn't care much for the stock, anyway. Just got it in the way of a trade."

"I trust you did not part with much of value for it, Mr. Floyd. But you don't strike me as one who would buy a pig in a poke."

"You do not encourage me, Colonel," laughed Floyd. "Still, I want a piece of property. It really doesn't matter so much what it is, so long as it's actually on the map. The Minnie Gray has not yet been exploited in the States, and I happen to have a friend

JACK CLELAND FARO-DEALER

in the mining brokerage business that has a lot of customers who like to buy beautifully engraved stock certificates. They don't really ever take the trouble to inquire whether the claims are on the map or not. The certificates look just as good as railroad bonds to them. Do you catch my point?"

"I think I do," replied the Colonel, and a grim smile played across his face. "Maybe we can do business after all. I'll sell out the controlling interest in the Minnie Gray cheap enough. Don't believe we'll quarrel over the price. It's queer how some fools like to buy mining stocks when they wouldn't take a chance in a real money-making proposition if they saw it right in front of them. Have you seen the property?"

"No, I have not been farther from the hotel than this office since I struck town," replied Floyd. "This is a live-looking little burg allright, though."

"My runabout is at the door. Come and I will show you what makes it lively," said the Colonel.

A ride of ten minutes brought the two to a mine that gave every outward sign of prosperity. There were no deep shafts, but all along the hillside, trenches were cut, with here and there small well-like openings. Piled up at various places were heaps of whitish, glistening rock. "Worth $50,000 a

carload," said Colonel Tooker, pointing to one of the heaps. "In the house over here, I can show you chunks of solid metal."

There was a marked contrast in the next point to which Floyd was driven by the Colonel. Bare ground showed signs of former working, and there was a rickety tool house, with "Minnie Gray" sprawled in uneven letters over the door.

"And so this is the Minnie Gray?" inquired Floyd.

"Yes. It's on the map allright, but that's about all," chuckled the Colonel. I don't believe there is a streak as thick as a sheet of paper on the whole acreage."

"Well, it will look good in a prospectus after an artist has drawn in a few piles of ore, an engine house and some machinery," was the dry answer of Floyd. "Come, let's get down to business. How much for this desert waste?"

"Oh, I'll make it cheap enough. I might do the same thing as you propose doing," replied the Colonel, "but I believe I'm through with taking tainted money. The other kind is coming too easy just now. I'll turn over the works for $5,000. I own exactly half of the capital stock. With the little block you say you have already, you will hold the controlling interest, so you can reorganize with a new set of officers."

"Colonel, that toy auto of yours isn't good enough for a man in your circumstances. You can get a real machine for $4,000. Just consider that you've found yourself a new car this morning, and give me the property for the four thousand. Or, better still, you mentioned a sporting proposition back in your office. I'll play you that game of seven-up to see whether I pay you $6,000 for your stock, or get it for nothing. What do you say?"

"Make it $7,000 and I'll go you," returned the Colonel, who was proud of his prowess with the pasteboards.

"You're on," was the prompt reply. "I never took a dare in my life. But first you will come to luncheon with me."

Under the mellowing influence of a couple of bottles of well-chilled champagne, the Colonel had arrived at the chummy stage with his new acquaintance by the time the waiter had brought the cigars.

"And now," remarked Floyd, as coolly as if he were proposing to shake dice to see who paid the check "we will play that little game for the Minnie Gray. We will go to my rooms. Order the waiter to bring us a deck of cards. There can be no suspicion attached to a new deck."

"There's a regular card room up stairs where the boys play sometimes," said the Colonel. "Shall we go there?"

"Yes, I know about it," replied Floyd. "I happen to have rented that room myself. I hope you won't frown on me when I tell you that I'm backing as nifty a little faro bank up there as ever hit a mining camp. I thought it would be a good thing to cater to some of the sports here who need a little recreation and an outlet for some of their surplus wealth. I don't take any active part in it myself. I have a man I brought here to deal. He's something of a grouch, but I can trust him with my bank roll."

The Colonel did not frown. In fact, he was rather pleased with the idea. In days gone by he had spent many nights over the green cloth. He felt a sudden tingle in his veins as the old gambling fever burst upon him. The fever was on in real earnest when they had reached the gambling room, run in secret, where only the elect were admitted.

"Let's make it poker. A freeze out for one stack—the Minnie Gray stock against $7,000," was the Colonel's excited proposition, as he produced the stock certificates, which he had procured from his office on the way to the hotel.

"Suits me," responded Floyd. "Jack, send me over $7,000 and two stacks of yellows. This is my friend, Colonel Tooker. Colonel, shake hands with Jack Cleland."

The Colonel reached across the table and shook the chilly hand of the gambler, who, when he had expressed his pleasure at the meeting, produced a long wallet from an inner pocket and

CLELAND PROCEEDED TO SHOW THE ASTONISHED COLONEL HOW TO MANIPULATE A DECK OF CARDS [illegible]

counted out a little pile of bills of large denomination.

"That's United States money, Colonel, and it's never been spent," he remarked as he pushed the pile over to Floyd. The gambler never even commented on the game for such unusual stakes. He seemed to take it as a part of his everyday business. But two men who had been playing faro now stopped their game to watch, as the Colonel and Floyd cut for the deal.

It was agreed that it should be all jack pots, each player contributing one check to the centre. The Colonel won the first and second pots without a contest. On the next deal neither man could open and each "sweetened". Again and again the deal passed, until half of each man's stack was in the centre. And then the Colonel opened the pot on Floyd's deal, shoving the remainder of his stack to the centre. He held two pair, aces up.

"Well, this settles it," remarked Floyd, as if the stakes were paltry.

The Colonel drew one card. Floyd helped himself to two, and on the show down spread three sevens on the table, and raked in the chips, the stock and the money. The Colonel had not bettered his hand.

III.

Colonel Tooker had taken his loss of the stock in the Minnie Gray with the calm philosophy of a good loser. Less than a week after the game, however, something occurred that made him peevish. The impossible had happened.

He had just received news of a strike on the Minnie Gray. While it was not sensational, still ore had been found by the small force of men Floyd had put to work the day after he acquired control.

This time the Colonel was biting savagely at his cigar when a visitor entered. As he looked up he was surprised to see that his caller was Jack Cleland, the faro dealer, and wondered what he could want. Though he had paid daily visits to the gambling room in the week that followed his big game of freeze-out, he had found Cleland anything but congenial. While polite, he seemed always to be the grouch that Floyd had first described him. Now,

he almost seemed to skulk as he peered up and down the street before he closed the door and entered.

"Colonel, did you ever hanker for revenge?" he broke in, without an introductory word.

"What kind of revenge? What do you mean?"

"Well, if you knew that Floyd had tricked you, would you want to get even?"

"Go on and get it out of your system and stop talking in riddles," was the impatient reply. "What's chewing you?"

"I'm good and sore on Floyd. That's what. He hasn't played square with me. Nor with you. You had no more chance to win that freeze-out than I have to build an air ship. He can make a deck of cards talk. But so can I. If you'll come in with me, I'll fix it for both of us to even up. He promised me twenty-five per cent. of what was made in this place if I would come here, and when I mentioned the mine where he has just struck ore, he gave me the laugh and told me to go on and sell chips and be good. I'll show him how I'll be good. I could get away with his roll, for he wouldn't dare to make a holler, but that would be just plain stealing."

"And where do I come in?" asked the Colonel.

"I can let you win his bank roll. There's $25,000 in cold hard cash for us to split, if you'll come in with me and do as I show you."

"It listens good, but you'll have to show me," said the Colonel. "I'm not as young as I once was."

"Take me in that back room there where no one can see us, and I'll show you quick enough."

The Colonel assented, and closed the door behind them in a small and dimly-lighted private room adjoining his office. Taking a deck of cards from his pocket, Cleland proceeded to show the astonished mining man things that he had never dreamed could be done, old and experienced as he was.

"That exhibition was only for poker and short card work," explained Cleland, who actually had shown some enthusiasm over his own skill. "The way we can beat this game is simple enough for a child to understand. You know how the cards are dealt out of the box in faro. All you have to do is to watch the last three in the order they come out. I simply take these three cards and place them back in the same place in the deck. You know what cards are there, and all you have to do is to remember the order in which they are to be dealt. Then, on the last turn you can bet the limit and break the bank by playing the winner, coppering the loser, and calling the turn."

Cleland then took a silver box from his pocket—the regulation, plain-looking faro-dealing box. He showed the Colonel exactly how it could be done, and the crafty Tooker was satisfied with the rehearsal.

"Of course, you will have to bring quite a chunk with you to stake yourself. Floyd's rule is to let a man bet all there is in front of him on one card if he wants to. The limit is ten thousand. You can go to the bank, get the ten thousand, and come to the room this afternoon while Floyd is out at the mine. It will have to be done just as I say, because there will be another player or two, and the man on the look-out must know nothing, or he would give it away in a minute. I'll meet you here in this office at the dinner hour, and we can divide."

Colonel Tooker bowed Cleland out of the office, closed down his desk, and walked a few doors away to the bank, where his check was honored for $10,000 in currency.

"So the slick Mr. Floyd stung me, did he?" was his grim soliloquy, as he sipped a glass of sparkling wine with his luncheon. "Well, maybe this deal will help to square things."

He could scarcely wait for the hour appointed for his raid on the treasure cache of the gambling room. Once there, the smaller players were dumbfounded as he coolly handed over $10,000 and called for five stacks "of yellows". Cleland and the man in the look-out never turned a hair, and the chips were handed out as if this was the ordinary play.

Through the first deal, the Colonel played cautiously, although apparently

slightly under the influence of drink. On the last turn the cards came out. *Jack—Ten—King*. The Colonel kept a keen eye on the dealer and saw the three cards placed on the top of the deck, just as Cleland had told him they would be. Again he played cautiously until the dealer announced, "Last turn, gentlemen; four for one if you call it."

According to rehearsal, the *King should lose* on the next turn and the *Ten should win*, leaving the Jack as the dead, or in gambling parlance the "hock" card. The Colonel counted his chips. He was exactly even.

"Well, I guess I'll give you young men an old time play," he remarked as he shoved two of his stacks of canary colored chips on the King, coppering it for the losing card. The other two stacks went on the Ten open to win. The fifth stack was placed as a call, the Colonel guessing that the cards would come: King—Ten.

"All set, gentlemen?" inquired Cleland of the others who had been too amazed at such high play to make a bet themselves. Seeing this, he moistened the second finger of his right hand at his lips and touching the top card slid it out showing under it—not the *King* as the Colonel had expected, but the *Ten* as Cleland knew it would be.

Colonel Tooker suddenly realized that he had fallen for the old game of "giving the sucker the best of it." He was too wise to even offer a protest, and as he said good-afternoon in his usual affable style, Cleland and the pale person in the look-out chair smiled at each other and invited Colonel Tooker to look in often.

* * * * *

Two days later, Doc Floyd, Jack Cleland and one Frank Anderson sat in a large airy room of the hotel overlooking that same Viger Square.

"Anderson, there's ore up there in the Minnie Gray," Floyd was saying, "but mining is not exactly my game. You are hereby elected to the presidency of the company. You put me on to the deal and you're entitled to a share of the profits. Here is your stock back, and some other shares for good measure. You'd better get back up there and take up your honeymoon where it left off, and get the mine to working.

"And, by the way, here's a little wedding present from your old friend, Colonel Tooker. It's Mrs. Anderson's dowry. Tell her to keep it herself this time, and not let you handle it. I'm certain the Colonel will welcome you both back to Cobalt."

THE RED AND WHITE

BY S. E. KISER

IF OVER the door of every house
An angel placed, some night,
A sign to show who lived within,
And gave red signs to those who sin,
And made all others white,
I fancy that when we woke and knew
That all the truth was known,
Each man would gaze at his neighbor's door
And wonder and doubt awhile before
He dared to look at his own.

AN ANSWER TO THE SUFFRAGETTE

To The Editor:—In your April issue Dr. Margaret Gordon, speaking on Women's Suffrage, is credited with the statement: "I would go to prison to-morrow if it would help the cause along. But we must educate public opinion before anything can be done, so let us work."

We do not dispute the need of reform in public life, but the evil does not warrant the intervention of women in politics. They are out of their element; they are in the same position as a man would be at a sewing circle. We acknowledge a woman's position to be far superior to that of a man's, but that position is in the home. Their intentions are well-meant, but they seek to apply a remedy that re-acts indirectly upon themselves. Let them repair the foundations of social life, or, in other words, the home, which needs reforming to-day more than ever before, and we will have no need of Suffragette orators, storming of Parliament, parading of streets, etc. Purify the home and you will reduce race suicide and divorce and all their attendant evils. Purify the home and you will solve the problem of women's rights. One of the noblest and most sacred of God's gifts is embodied in motherhood, and why she should seek to lower her esteem in the eyes of the world for the sake of obtaining a few needed reforms, for which men are working every day, and obtaining, too, is a question that is impossible to answer.

The home is the foundation, the backbone of the nation, and show me a suffragette or any woman who professes faith in this newly founded society, who has the true home instinct; one that will stay quietly at home teaching her boys the necessary rudiments of true manhood—qualities that will make him honest, God-fearing and noble of heart and mind; teaching her girls the arts of housekeeping in all its branches, and still doing her duties faithfully in a public career; and you will show me a woman who would blush for very shame at the mention of prison bars. The suffragette is one for whom the home has no place, and still less respect.

Dr. Gordon continues: "But we must educate public opinion before anything can be done." She probably is one of those select few who have a monopoly of common sense, and would impart it to this regenerate race. She would drag the nearest and dearest of our homes down into the filth and corruption of politics, from which no one can emerge without at least the taint of it clinging to them.

She further says: "So let us work." Work for what? For the destruction of the home—the entrance of women into public life! Can you not see the inevitable result? We should probably derive a few benefits at first, but finally the agitators themselves would be worse off than before, for the simple reason the home would be neglected, and just as surely as the home and morals begin to decay, so do our national standards.

It would be far better for the country, generally, if these agitators would seek by home influence the abolition of the working girl in the factory and give her a chance in the science of homemaking; for the erection of free schools in which she can fit herself to be the mistress of a home, and lay the foundation of a nation, in which she can do unbounded good to suffering humanity, and to the suffragette in particular. She will make ours a nation among nations, higher in morals and materialistic worth than was ever dreamed of by these agitators of Women's Rights.

Gordon Garfield McCabe.

London, Ont., April 9th, 1909.

THE LIFE OF CANADIAN FARMER IS REALLY NICE

THE LETTERS OF LOUIS

**Being the authentic and literal chronicles of Louis Kon, former Russian revolutionist, and latterly a man of his own hands in Canada.*

BY LOUIS KON

Third Letter

ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

RESPECTABLE EDITOR:—The first night of my journey rain was pouring heavy and my Hudson Bay's Company blankets soaked in more water than the Hudson Bay contains itself

Wet all through with the heavy blankets on the back, which bent my shoulders nearly to the foot heels, singing, "How Sweet is the Life," I continued my trip.

My only consolation in this world was half a plug of McDonald's smoking tobacco. The matches got so wet as myself, and you can imagine how sweet seemed to me the life. Moreover, my companions, hunger and thirst, remembered to me their existence.

After few days I was looking for work on the streets of Edmonton.

Proud of the knowledge of English language achieved in railroad camp I started dispute with some Canadian.

"You better don't talk so loud on the streets in English, because anybody of the police force can take you in the court."

"How is that?" I asked very surprised.

"May be you don't know," said the gentleman, "that for improper and strong language as you use the countrys law foresees a fine. You talk very fluently and have a good accent, but, pardon me, it is not the right kind of a language."

Hearing such an judgment about my English I bought the largest edition of Webster's dictionary and during two days was looking for the words I knew, but alas! neither in Webster's, nor in Collins I could find it.

I understood that they were, may

*These documents are just what they appear to be the story of Mr Louis Kon written by himself in his own way, and published precisely as written, without editing or change. They tell the true story of a real man's experience in Canada.—THE EDITOR.

I FOUND WORK AS MASON HELPER

be, pure English words, but *behind* the printing limit.

Shortly I had a job in the brick yard, performing all kinds of work for pretty good wages.

Few days afterwards the agricultural department of Nature's management decided to pour some rain, to make the grain better grow. The business of brickmakers do not always agree with those of farmers.

In result the work was stopped for long time and I went back to the railroad camp.

It was late in the fall. The temperature was not the most grand for raising oranges or lemons. We were still sleeping under a cover, which a few seasons ago was bought as a tent, but in realty it was a collection of different size holes, connected with pieces of canvas.

It was a small sub-contractors' outfit and the stock of teams was a pitiful one. I suppose, among those horses and mules were veterans remembering the first landing of Columbus on the American continent.

Tramping during few months on the prairies, far away from civilization, in beginning of winter I went to Calgary. I hoped find in the town any kind of work for the winter, but all world's powers were against me and wanted me to experience every hardship and all kinds of Canadian life.

Resting for few days in Calgary I was living the life of an bonvivant. You laughing. It was really high life for me, because I could sleep on mattrass bed with pillows, bed sheet and comforter, eat on the table cloth, and use napkin instead of jackets' sleave. I smoked better tobacco, had different newspapers and magazines. I had even a white stiff collar around my neck, and shined shoes! Such a modest luxury did to me much good.

I remember, when the first evening in town I went to the theatre, the atmosphere of civilized world with its fashionable gowned ladies and gentlemen, mixture of different perfumes, sounds of music and streams of electric lights made me nearly dizzy.

Notwithstanding the play left much to wish, I hardly could enjoy better a performance with Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, or Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Tramping from place to place I could see and learn the life of Canadian farmers, which is really a nice one, especially for those who immigrate from different parts of Europe, very often without a cent, but after few years are independent men, can educate their children and secure their old age and children's future.

Some place in Alberta I met on the trail a farmer driving a very nice teame.

He was polite enough to propose to me take a ride on his wagon.

From the first glance I recognized his Slavonian destraction, and after short talk learned that about ten years ago he came from the same place I was living. I never betrayed who I am and where from for I wanted heare his frank opinion about our common acquaintances and if possible my own people.

He told me how he was hard working during ten years in some paper factory as a foreman and all he could save was a sum of money just sufficient to pay his and families passage to Canada.

There, however, working few years as in a factory he saved money enough to start the farming in proper way. Now beside a valuable property he has got few thousand dollars in bank.

"Yes, my boy," said the farmer, "in my own country I would never be secure of my life. My children and grandchildren would be always poor laborers, uneducated people, living from day to the day, without a prospect for better days and quiet hours."

I START DISPUTE WITH SOME CANADIAN

I began to ask him about different people whom he knew and was remembering. My questions made him suspicious and anxious to know who I am. I told him, that I'm the son of a man for whom he was working for ten years and the first words I heard from him were: "It is a lie."

He knew me as schoolboy and it was hard for him to beheve that the man in working clotheswith blankets on his shoulders and telescope in the hand which he met tramping on the Canadian prairies may be the same.

He invited me to stay for few days on his farm, what was accepted with gratitude, giving me the opportunity to observe one of the thousands examples of a happy Canadian farmer's life.

Yes, he was just an adopted son of the Canadian soil, but had more liberty, privileges, and was living far better life as in his own mother country.

I left Calgary for a nice little town of Revelstoke in the British Columbia, where-from I had the nearest way to the place of my employment as "experienced bushman."

Next morning I awakened just at the time when conductor entered our coach, announcing Revelstoke next.

The station was overcrowded with Japanese, Chinese and Hindoos. In the first moment I wanted go to the agent to request him take me back to Canada, because it was not my intention to stay neither in Japan or China, nor India. Where I was in the fact I did not know, but sure not in the white peoples' country.

The coolness of a November morning sobered me soon and I remembered very well that to get to the Celestial Kingdom, or to the kingdom of the Sun or White Elephant, one has to cross the ocean. I could not be asleep during three weeks. It was absurd to suppose for a second, that C. P. R. would carry me to China or Japan on a ticket paid just to Revelstoke.

Leaving luggage on the station I went in the town; seeing on every step crowds of yellow faced people, fear to be in Asia returned again.

At last I remarked displayed in some grocers' store windows lovely apples, over which was fastened showcard "home grown." Yes, it was British Columbia, for such apples can grow only in B. C.

Admiring the fruits for few minutes I exclaimed "eureka!" That is the place where so many years ago was paradise! I did not blame any longer Eva for her weakness, when the snake showed such an apple.

I entered the store intending buy a couple of those fruits, to which I was gratified for my existence, but—the price I heard for it changed at once my previous supposition.

No, neither Eva or Adam nor the snake could afford at that time to buy so expensive apples. Moreover then, Adam could not earn three dollars for ten hours work, neither existed such fathers-in-law as Rockefeller, Morgan, Dunsmuir, Carnegie or Jim Hill.

The beautiful forests in B. C. mountains with ever green cedars and pines, different animals and birds, the charm of wild streams and rivers are so great,that looking at it one forgets the daily life, daily afflictions and with all power of his concentrated feelings admires the greatness of Nature.

Before starting the work I was carefully reviewed in the office by my boss, as the exhibition cattle use to be examined at the annual fairs. He expressed his acknowledgment for my hight and physical development, also for my experience in bush which he heard about from myself, gave me a number and sent me to work.

The partner of mine, with whom I had to make ties, who, I suppose, was born in bush with axe in one hand and a piece of tie in other, after full two minutes observation how I'm trying to work, said:

"You see this piece of bush behind you. It is the greenest timber you can get, but if you look at yourself, you'll see the greenest man ever working in woods. You can't even handle the axe"

Explain to him, that the programs of colleges and universities don't forsee the using of axe nor saw I was quite agree with his opinion and in very polite words ask him to give me chance learn the art of making ties.

SI-TONG-LEI-WONG WAS A LOVELY MAN OF ATHLETS STATURE THREE FEET, NINE INCHES HIGH AND WITH PIGTAIL WHICH MADE JEALOUS ALL GIRLS

Few weeks later, our crew was laid off and I went back to Revelstoke.

Trade, industrie and commerce were awful slack and secure job was the next to impossibility. Saved money was pretty fast disappearing. The prospects were approaching for living in a free-of-charge-hotel, runned by government or city, where the rooms are given for special merits, called vagrancy.

Lucky enough I found work on the C. P. as mason helper, carrying stones, cement, mixed concrete, learning again more English words and experiencing new kind of life in "box-car."

Would somebody tell to me a couple

of years ago, that I'll live in box-car, which suppose to serve for transporting cattle and freight, I would call him for duel. But now I blessed the hour I could get it.

It was my first New Year eve spent on the American continent, far away from my people and friends.

By the slight light of an small coal oil lamp, which burned in the middle of our car, the masons and their helpers, in clothes bearing signs of cement and clay, were sitting on the bench, reading old magazines and smoking pipes. It was the most sad picture of welcoming New Year, I ever saw before.

Laying on the bunk I tried to sleep. The remenscenses however of the New Year Eve, enjoyed on streets of Paris or Nice or in City Hall's reception rooms in some place in my country, with plenty laugh, joy and confetti, mixed with sounds of several orchestras, five minute talks with brunette, blond or gold haired girls, evening dress, silk hats and always discreet fans, tours of waltz and glasses of champagne, kept me awaken.

Sharp at midnight whistles of few engines and shops, lasting few minutes, but eternity for me, replaced the clink of champagne glasses and the noise of usual "Happy New Year," announced to the railroadmen the beginning of New Year's reign.

Next day, instead of the usual New Year's visits, again mixing of concrete and carrying of stones.

It was a happy beginning of a New Year, as next day we were all discharged

Occasionally it was possible find some work by sweeping off snow from roofs, or sawing cord-wood; these were the only sources of covering expenses.

Wishing to see spring soon as possible and find steady work, at the same time I delighted myself with snow storms, because I badly needed to have anything to sweep off.

But everything has got his end, except human naivete, barbarian conducts of Nicholas in Russia and Leopold of Congo, speculating in Wall Street, and few other things, therefore the stock of snow in Clouds was on certain day exhausted also.

Notwithstanding the temperature was about 10 degrees below zero, melting of my cash was awful rapid.

I thought about providing food by hunting. However the regulations allowed only in certain times of year shoot the animals and birds.

Every country has own customs and rules, so the country I was in college at, taught us during 8 years several thousand tons of Latin and Greek grammatical exceptions, few hundred miles verses of Homer, Caesar, Virgilius and other stars of ancient centuries.

How and why is growing grain or tree, how many bones possesses man, or if brains are located in stomach and kidney in skull, if frog belongs to the same class of wild animals as calf, we were never said.

It was one explanation; grain and everything is growing, because the Czar's subjects must have money to pay the taxes and keep the millions of governements employes; cattle and horses exist, so that the sheriff can sell it if the peasant has not a cent to buy a pound of bread for his children, consequently can't pay taxes. How many bones you possess is not your business. If the soldier or policeman meet you on the street and don't like your nose or fashion of your shoes, he will anyhow break every one of your bones, never asking how many you've got. Wild animals and birds exist, because Czar and other high persons like the hunting.

With such a knowledge of zoology I could not dare to hunt without danger of breaking the regulations and calculated it will be much cheaper to take meals in Chinese restaurant.

The restaurant-keeper, a lovely man of name Si-Tong-Czi-Wong, of athlets' stature, 3 feet 9 inches high and with pig tail, which made jealous all girls in the town, was the nicest man I ever saw, but only as long as I had money to pay my meals.

He belonged to the Asiatic Exclusion League and on the walls of his restaurant were posted following advertisements: "We patronize local steame laundry, white people employed only!" Nevertheless the same Mr. Si-Tong-Czi-Wong in partnership with

THE POST-OFFICIAL HANDED ME A LARGE ENVELOPE WITH A SMALL CHECQUE

his uncle, Mr. Wong-Czi-Tong-Li, was running a laundry in next house.

The dollars began to be very scarce in my treasury and gradually the numbers of meals were shortened.

I tried deserve the confidence of Mr Si-Tong-Czi-Wong and have credit for bacon and eggs, pig feet, pork chops, pudding, pie and other delicacies, but it was too hard work.

I assured him of my best feelings, made acknowledgment of the greatness of Buddha, Confucius, the late Dowager Queen of China and Li-Chung-Chang, expressed my admiration for all boxers, coolies, mandarins, Czings, Tongs Wongs and Lings, but all to no purpose On the point of quarters he was unmoved!

Few weeks before this I sent to some foreign paper in States an article about civilization. Receiving no reply nor contribution for it, I was sure that my civilization was used for feeding the always hungry editor's basket, as it was done with other articles on very important topics: project of junction Japan to the U. S., and building seven-hundred-eighty-four-stories-high-over sky-scrapers in Kioto and Tokio, report

of the annual blackmailers convention and others.

Hunting after job around the town I thought very often how much more famous would be Marconi if instead of wireless telegraphy he would invent stomach without need of feedings. (I beg pardon of the breakfast food manufacturers for such heretique thoughts.)

My purse contained two German ten pfenig coins, one Hollandish five cents, English half penny and penny, Russian 5 kopeks in copper and 15 in silver, Swiss five and two cents and 35 cents in Canadian money.

In any larger city I could start money exchange business, but there, in small Revelstoke it was impossible even to rent proper office for such an important enterprise.

Waiting in the post office for my turn by the gen. deliv. counter I heard someone speaking, that price of Mr. McDonalds smoking tobacco rose from 10 to 15 cents per plug. Great Scott! it was for me not a question of life or death, but of dinner or pipe.

But—it was in a leap year; the post official handed to me a large envelope with small cheque for the civilization

Gaudeamus igitur! the question of dinner and smoke dissolved, a couple of quiet weeks secured!

The bookseller probably knew my lightness of head and to tempt me displayed in his window the latest books on the market. God forgive him! My money went to his register cash, forcing me look again for some interesting work.

I heard, that somebody wants a painter for a simple work which does not need much experience.

My qualifications for painter were of the best kind: My oldest brother was graduate of some European school of arts and pupil of Bocklin and Stuck As child I had a French governesse, which used to paint her hair.

Happily it was pretty dark in the room where I made agreement with Mr. X., and he could not remarke how awful I blushed answering his question about my painters experience and career.

Job was received and the next day a fabulous colorfull life was begun.

Yours, for advanced art,

LOUIS KON.

FATE'S PERVERSITIES

BY S. E. KISER

MAUDIE went to Sunday School
At the little mission;
Wicked Willie spent the day
Off somewhere "a-fishin'."

Maudie caught the chicken-pox,
Now she's eating gruel;
Willie didn't catch a thing—
Fate is often cruel!

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In the opening chapters of "The Sowing," Mr. Hough presents a frank picture of the slums of London, with their densely packed and hopeless poor. He holds that while the new lands of the world, and especially of Canada, furnish the only hope for overcrowded England, they should be settled under a "clean and sane policy of colonization." To the church and philanthropic societies of England he addresses a protest against the indiscriminate shipment in large numbers of unemployed and helpless slum dwellers, who could only perish on the land or drift to the Canadian cities. He suggests instead a careful selection of those fitted to become desirable settlers, and a plan by which they might be placed in newly settled neighborhoods, among experienced farmers, where they can themselves develop into farmers He contends that England owes a vital duty to Canada in sending out people of better quality, and argues that Canada should insist upon that duty being discharged, whether England likes it or not. In support of his position, he quotes fully from a report of the Commisisoner of Immigration at Winnipeg, in which that official describes immigration conditions, and contends that immigrants were sent over by London charitable societies, without control, the cost of their transportation presumably being paid in every case. He cites other authorities and considers the changes requisite to be enforced by Canada, and the type of immigrant that may benefit at once the country and themselves by coming here The author then cites the threefold movement of population—westward, city-ward, and the resurge back to the land, with Canada in the midst of the westward movement, but held back by the pressure toward the great cities

CHAPTER XV.

THE VIEWPOINT OF AN ENGLISH EMISSARY.

IN the summer of 1908, Earl Stanhope, member of one of the old families of England, journeyed into Canada to investigate fully the question of Canadian immigration, and to report his conclusions to the House of Lords, of which he is a distinguished member. Earl Stanhope made this journey, for this purpose; and he brought to his work, to an unusual degree, a sense of responsibility, a feeling of the importance of the matter in hand, and a clear-sighted intelligence in considering that matter. He remained in Western Canada until the fall of 1908.

By good fortune, there was obtained from him before his departure—at a date long subsequent to the beginning of this work in serial form—a preliminary statement of some of his conclusions, reached after conscientious investigation at first hand. These are offered herein with his full consent. In reviewing his communication, which follows, the author, confessedly a "Yankee," feels a satisfaction bordering almost upon a personal pleasure, because Earl Stanhope, an intelligent Englishman, separately and independently, arrives upon practically the same conclusions as those reached as a sheer matter of logic by the author in the later pages of this book. Even did the conclusions of the author seem weakened by forestalling them in this way, none the less he would be constrained to print Earl Stanhope's conclusions here, where they belong; because they show the earnestness with which all thinkers on both sides of the water are approaching one of the greatest and most vital questions of the time, and they offer the one definite and decisive line of thought which we have discovered in all the conscientious attempts to solve this question. The communication follows:

"This problem is one of the greatest

and most pressing of our time. It is said that we ascribe successes to ourselves, whereas the truth really is that 'we found opportunity, we did not create it.' True—but to many of us the opportunity has occurred; it is only the few who have grasped it. 'Back to the Land' may be the answer to the squalor of the cities, but if we study the question a little more closely in England, I fear it would be found that in many cases 'Back to the Land' is little more than a platform cry. The man who has tasted the sweets of city life—granted that these sweets are more largely composed of chalk than sugar—will not readily exchange them for the dull monotony and weary toil of the agricultural laborer. He is however, quite prepared to let the man in the city go back to country life and so give *him* the opportunity of taking his place in the city.

"It is said that England expects Canada to receive her poor in return for what the Old Country may have done for the Dominion. England expects nothing of the sort. But she *does* expect Canadians to live up to the highest traditions of the British race—to make some self-sacrifice if need be for the good of mankind and the welfare of their own kith and kin throughout the Empire. Who shall say that her confidence is misplaced? Can England so soon forget how Canada's sons rallied to the cry of their brothers in South Africa?

"But England may have forgotten—perhaps it requires a visit to that wonderful country, so hard to realize till it has been seen, to bring home in full force—the fact that no nation can be called on to receive a population beyond what it can readily assimilate. Assuredly the dwellers from great cities and old countries are not such as, without considerable training, any new country would wish to receive as the progenitors of their stock, the makers of a nation's future.

"The problem then resolves itself to this: Can these dwellers from great cities be made such as Canada could willingly accept, and if so, how? How shall we present to every man the opportunity so that the *many* shall receive, the *few* reject?

"We may dismiss from our minds the rural population of England, proportionately small in numbers and for the most part contented with their lot, who would not be prepared to exchange a comfortable home, a regular wage provision in sickness from club and generous employer, and compensation in case of accident, for the lottery (as it appears to them) of life in an unknown land.

"How then can we train the city dweller? It has been suggested that he first be trained on the land in England and then brought over to Canada. But, surely, with a town within at most a long day's walk, the old environment would hang too close about him, and like the moth to the candle he would assuredly drift back to the old life and appeals to misplaced charity. Moreover, much that he would learn of agriculture in England would be worse than useless to him out in Canada.

"Would not a readier solution be found by planting the emigrant in the first place down in Canada in labor colonies under possibly home government management for say two years? Then, if at the end of his term of training he satisfied the Canadian Inspector of his fittingness to become a settler, that he should be given a quarter section of land reserved for him out of a township already fairly peopled with old settlers? If, on the other hand, he failed to come up to requirements, that he should either be given a further term of training or trans-shipped back to England by the troopship which, at certain seasons of the year, could be utilized to bring him out?

"It is possible that some legislation would be necessary, imposing a small mortgage on the settler's holding to cover part of the cost of his training and the first equipment of his farm, and that some law should be enacted forbidding him to leave the labor colony till he had been approved by the Canadian Inspector and had paid the cost of his trans-shipment and training. These, however, are details

which should not present a problem impossible of solution between the two governments."

The conclusion seems not merely plausible, but wholly inevitable. It is not a question of how something may be done, but whether it *must* be done. It is not a question of who shall pay the expense; the expense is one that *must* be undergone. The evasion of logic to-day is an expensive matter, because time travels fast to-day, and nations do not wait, and destinies will not be handicapped.

Without referring here to the conclusions of our own later pages, let us total up the conclusions of this member of the English House of Lords.

First; he agrees that there is material for Canadian citizenship in the cities.

Second; he concludes that preparation for Canada must be made in Canada itself.

Third; he concludes that the intending settler should pass an examination in settlership, after full opportunity, on the actual land, to qualify.

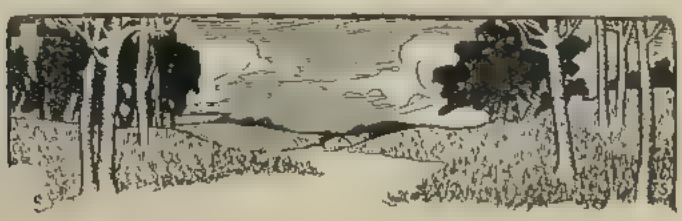
Fourth; these are government matters incapable of handling by private enterprise alone.

Fifth; such an enterprise is capable of financing and is capable of repayment out of the soil itself, plus the energy of the settler growing with the soil. I do not believe that the House of Lords will get much beyond this; or that England will; or that Canada will

In early Virginian days, England sent to this country many "indentured" men, who came here with a stigma already attached to them. Earl Stanhope's suggestion that there should be some sort of restraint imposed upon settlers, some sort of a "labour colony," which could not be entered or which could not be left at free will by any settler, is one which is perhaps better dismissed as something to be taken up in later detail between the two governments. The suggestion does not yet appeal to a resident on this continent, and the detail is bound to prove one of difficulty. We of the United States have had no such restrictions, no such paternalism, because ours was an earlier and a different day. In the wholly different conditions in Canada some such colony will without doubt come into existence, but even there resentment at that phrase will be quickly learned. Perhaps we can mitigate its unpleasantness somewhat even in its name. "Labour colony" does not sound well as a name in western Canada, where all men want to be free, and where so very soon—given any sort of decent chance—they all do learn to be free and self-respecting.

But, in one way or another, under one name or another, we shall one day see more than one farm colony established in Canada, and engaged in producing, not at once No. 1 hard wheat, but from the first No. 1 good citizens. It is not Earl Stanhope's loyalty which leads him to believe this. It is not his pocketbook which invites him to believe it. It is not his sentiment which asks him to believe it. It is his *logic*, which *compels* him to believe it. After hearing many orators herein, the word of this one seems to linger.

(To be continued)



THE IDYL OF MAY AND DECEMBER

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

ILLUSTRATED BY VA-TIER L. BARNES

I HAVE revised my opinion of hospitals. They are places of good cheer. Though death walks through them, few people die in hospitals. Many who enter with lingering hope, come out with hope trebly justified. A hospital is a place which makes people better. It is, therefore, bound to have a mighty cheerful undertone

Nurses are angels, thinly disguised. Patients would be enriched by their ministry, even if there were no doctors to demonstrate a wondrous skill. I have been a patient and I know. I almost wish I could become uncured, because I should then have a chance of appreciating the very first day the happiness of being in hospital, where news of the most intense human interest circulates with great rapidity and copiousness. I was nearly ready to come out when I saw part, and learned the rest, of the idyl of the Old Gentleman and May,—a blessed version of May and December.

December is past sixty, and if he saw this he would probably chide me for calling him the Old Gentleman. He doesn't expect to get really old for thirty years. Until he came to British Columbia, he hadn't had a day in bed since he was a bachelor,—and that's at least forty years ago.

He was travelling somewhere towards the Arctic Circle from England, when the doctor sent him into the hospital to have something put right in his interior that had been pounded injuriously on a harum-scarum auto ride through a hundred miles of wheat fields around Saskatoon. Nothing serious, you know—appendix wrong, or something of that sort. But it meant an operation, six weeks in the house, and abandonment of the long journey up the coast.

December was in his paddle-your-own-canoe chair when I first saw him. He was going through the ward like a duly-appointed Father Christmas endowed with inquisitorial powers. He didn't look the part exactly, but performed it. He called at several beds; made inquiries, some personal, others medical; all genially sympathetic.

His bedside manner would have done honour to the dean of any hospital faculty. At first I thought he must be a doctor, then that he was a pastor, working out of church but not out of season. But he was just an English business man,—the kind that makes you think sometimes that he is all money and sometimes that he is all benevolence; or, if you like, he was of the type that has made philanthropy and five per cent. famous up and down a selfish world.

There were little parcels stowed away in December's chair. I have never seen the venerated stocking take such a shape. But the wheeled chairs could not come down chimneys, and there was no need, anyway, to practise little deceptions in the children's ward.

December immediately found his way to Christine's heart,—not with candies, but with the jovial infection of paternalism. He must always have been mighty fond of bairns. Christine was an open book. She was recovering from typhoid, and troubled only by a voracious appetite that must not yet be appeased. Half the blessing of an appetite is in the anticipation of how it is to be slain. December knew this simple, profound truth, that underlies the whole practice and art of gastronomics. He applied it to Christine.

DECEMBER IN HIS PADDLE-YOUR-OWN-CANOE CHAIR, WAS GOING THROUGH THE WARDS LIKE A DULY APPOINTED FATHER CHRISTMAS

"What are you going to have for your first real dinner, my dear?" he asked.

Christine thought awhile, and then she smiled and stretched her arms behind her head, smiled again, as you do when you see a long absent friend striding towards you on the platform of a railway station.

"I think I'll have,—let me see," and she whispered to herself half a dozen bills of fare. "Yes, I'll have roast beef, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, and bread-and-butter pudding. Don't you think that will be nice?"

"Yes, miss," said December. "You see, I've written your order while you've been composing it, and you shall have it exactly as you wish. Is your choice for rare meat, miss, or well done?"

December, by this time, had a June sort of face, and a smile that was too generous for a waiter's smile, though he had done his best to use a waiter's voice. Lord, how that girl laughed, as she tried to say, "Not rare; pretty well done, please." December started his chariot for the next call as he said: "Well, good-morning, miss. Certainly, miss. Roast beef, well-done, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, and bread-and-butter pudding."

He came to an armchair in which reclined a child about Christine's age and size. A tell-tale shade was over her bandaged eyes, and she was fingering the cheap beads that adorned an attenuated throat

"Hello, what's this?" said December to himself. "Short of daylight, I suppose. We must look into it." Then, out loud, "Well, my little girl, I suppose you can't see me to-day, but I can see you. How are you? Won't you tell me your name?"

"My name is May Harkstone."

"Tell me all about yourself. Do you live in Victoria? Have you been long in British Columbia?"

"It doesn't matter," was all she would say.

"Poor little thing," he said, under his breath. "Let me see. No fear about appetite here, I daresay. Won't you have a piece of chocolate?"

"Yes, please."

She received a bagful; said "Thank

A TELL-TALE SHADE WAS OVER HER BANDAGED EYES

you," put the bag aside, and waited indifferently for the next remark.

Couldn't he do anything for her? Didn't she speak with the other girls?

No, she hadn't spoken to anybody.

Wouldn't she like to be introduced to Christine, who was a very nice little girl, and full of fun?

She wasn't particular and didn't care about fun.

Might he come back and talk to her to-morrow?

Yes, but he need not put himself to any trouble about her.

December turned away, almost sorrowful. "Something queer there," he said to himself. "Her face doesn't look sullen. She's in the worst of dumps, and there must be some way to find out what's the matter. I'll make her talk before long."

It was not easy to make her talk. Next day she was almost as unresponsive as at first. He told her of the things he had taken to other children, some of whom could not move from their beds. He spoke of the coming visits of her friends whom she would be glad to see. She was petulant, almost fierce, at that.

"I shan't," she said.

"You won't be glad to see them?" he asked, with ever so slight a reproach in his tone.

"I can't see them, you know I can't," was all her reply; and then he was mortified that he should have talked of seeing to a girl with bandaged eyes.

"I'm so sorry I put it that way," he said, meekly. "But you will be glad to have them see you, won't you?"

"What's the use of them seeing me? It won't do them any good."

"Well, well, May, you'll feel better to-morrow, I hope, and I shall make Christine pay you a visit. You'll like her, I'm sure."

He discussed with Christine how to induce the darkened sufferer to show a brighter side of herself. He was sure May was in some great trouble, and that there was some way of finding out what it was. The dear girl forgot about her coming dinner in an enthusiasm for diplomacy. But, when she tried her brightest, she failed as hopelessly as December. May would not talk, and seemed to wish nobody else would talk.

The third day December tried again, and was all but defeated, when he stumbled upon the discovery that had eluded him. He began to praise the hospital, and to draw a little on his imagination; to tell her of wonderful cures that had been wrought.

"Why," he laughed, "they may be able to make new live legs and arms some day; who knows? Or perhaps new eyes. But you wouldn't need new eyes. I'm sure they couldn't make anything so fine and bright as those hidden behind that shade and that bandage. Bless your heart, before I go you'll be telling me how different I look from what you supposed. People are never as you picture them. Why, I remember when my daughter was a little girl over in England, ——"

He got no farther. He had not perceived tears trickling from under the shaded bandage. But the wail that now broke loose smote him in the breast, and then in the head, too. First he thought he had bungled mercilessly in his talk. Then, with heaven-sent intuition, he saw what was behind the wail, at the well spring of the tears. *May was in despair because she believed she would never see again.*

Lord, what a revelation! He jerked his trolley chair close enough to get his

hand to her head and to draw it close to his face. She was limp, abandoned to grief, and to the confession of what had kept her in the blackest depths for eleven weary, weary days. She would never see again,—that was bad enough. Her folks were poor, and she had planned to teach school and to earn money, and help them all. And now she would never be able to earn anything and they would have to keep her, and she couldn't even die to help them.

December looked at her, patted her head with one hand, felt his throat and rubbed his eyes with the other, and then asked if she would do something for him till he came back from an important call. Yes, she would do anything for him, now that he knew what made her so miserable.

"Just think over what you would like to have for dinner as soon as you can use a knife and fork," was his request, and though she was still certain that she would never see knife and fork again, she promised, and the flood tide of agony went back to the depths from which it should never have come.

December wheeled about, went to the nurse on duty, and asked her where to look for the matron; then from ward to ward, for the Victoria Hospital is all on one floor, till he found Miss McIntyre.

Now Miss McIntyre had every virtue that should attach to her office. She was business-like and kind, with so much business that it occasionally deceived you into supposing that her kindness was more professional than motherly. She was in her room—the last place in which she desired to gossip with gentlemen patients of mature years, especially at eleven o'clock in the morning. To December she was complacent enough, for after all, a grey-bearded gentleman of sixty-two, trundling his partially-dissected body from room to room, in an invalid chair, would excite the generosity of a spinster of any age.

"Just the lady I'm looking for, Miss

MISS MCINTYRE HAD EVERY VIRTUE THAT SHOULD ATTACH TO HER OFFICE

McIntyre. Can I have a word with you? Thanks, I can get through the door. I think I'm qualifying for bus-driving in London, you know,—unless I go into the hospital business. Have you a moment?"

"Possibly two, for a professional call," she said. "I heard you were in the children's ward. I'm so glad you spend some of your time with them. Have you your favorite cases yet?"

"Indeed, no; they're all favorites with me. 'Blessed is the man whose quiver is full of them,' you know. Tell you what I want to see you about. You know that little dark girl—something wrong with her eyes—the one on the right, half-way down the ward as you go in?"

"May Harkstone?"

"Yes, May. Well, that girl's a study. I've been three days trying to get to know her. She's in trouble, the worst sort of trouble."

"No, really. Why, she hasn't anything to trouble about. She ought to be home in two weeks, as well as ever she was in her life."

"I felt sure of it, and am very glad to hear you say so. But have you told her?"

"I don't remember. In any case, the doctor would do that."

"But has he?"

"I presume so."

"Do you know," said December, "that that poor little May has been in the depths of torture because she's sure she will never see the world again, and will never be able to support herself? Nobody has told her she will get well."

You should hear December describe the effect his speech had upon the methodical Miss McIntyre. He said she looked at him with real mother-lighted eyes; she left her chair, glanced at the photograph of a boy and girl that stood on her desk,—the bairns of her dead sister, I happen to know, whose father is in Burmah, and whose guardian spirit she has been these seven years,—and left him in sole possession of her maidenly, business-like apartment. Waiting for her return, he thanked heaven he wasn't the doctor she had gone to find.

In three minutes Miss McIntyre brought the doctor,—Foregame, the understudy of Groves, the foremost surgeon of the Coast, and himself a scientific instrument of marvelous balance and skill.

She may have reproached him before they came to December, but when she arrived she was reproaching herself, and she was in command of the situation.

"Just think of it," she was saying. "It was somebody's business and nobody's business to tell the poor child that she was in no danger. I thought the doctor had told her. He supposed I had. Most patients are so eager to learn everything about their condition —some of them, you know, want to learn too much—that May's unresponsive ways may have had something to do with our failing to tell her she would soon be well. No, don't trouble to push yourself along. Doctor and I will go with you to see May, and put it right."

And so they went through the wards —a trio of pleasure-seekers. The patients who had seen December hauling himself towards the Matron's room five minutes before, and had seen the doctor brought, now watched the three hastening over the road by which December had come; and wondered what crisis had developed, and where, and who was in mortal danger.

Well, I needn't tell what happened at May's chair, when the deadly cloud was taken away. Foregame told her, and Miss McIntyre added her assurances. Of course, she believed them. Of course, she was overjoyed. But she did not seem sure of her fortune. Doctor and nurses had been kind; but they had to do with too many bad eyes to become sympathetic—unprofessionally sympathetic. She had suffered horribly because the healing word had not accompanied the healing deed; and she turned with unfailing instinct to the real source of her joy.

"Where is the old gentleman?" she asked. "Isn't he here? Why didn't you ask him to tell me?"

"Why, May, I told you it was all right," said December.

"Yes, but is it really true what the doctor says?"

"Of course it's true. The doctors can't say anything wrong, you know."

"Then why didn't *he* tell me right before? Shall I have to wear ugly glasses?"

"No, dear, no glasses at all," said Foregame, glad to escape answering the first question. "Your eyes will be as good as ever. And now we must go, Miss McIntyre. This morning's lesson in clinics is—well, we deserved it.

FOREGAME TOLD HER AND MISS MCINTYRE ADDED HER ASSURANCES

December remained.

"There now, didn't I tell you you'd soon see what a wrinkled old chap I am. But what about that dinner?"

May said slowly: "Roast beef, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, bread-and-butter pudding."

"How very extraordinary," remarked December. "That's Christine's choice. I was sure you girls were very much alike. I'll bring her over, shall I?"

"Oh, yes; please do. I want to tell her all about it. She says you're fine, and I say so too. My, but it seems like a nice day. Are the flowers still in bloom?"

* * * * * *

Before he left the hospital December told me he had had more fun in the last three weeks than in any three weeks of his life, and had made many warm friends. He gave me character sketches of half the staff and of one-fourth of the patients. With all his observation he had not discerned that we called him December.

"Fine woman, sir, the matron," he confided. "I am her sincere admirer. I always had a high opinion of nurses, but, upon my soul, the half was never told about them. The best men, sir, cut very poor figures beside such women as Miss McIntyre. I noticed a curious addition in her room the last time I was in. She has got a new motto, printed in old English type—as if it were a Scripture text—'Remember May and December.' I wondered if some rich old widower had been proposing to her. But that's a preposterous idea."

I told December we hoped to see him again.

"Very kind of you, and I hope to be here again next year—as a visitor only, for it isn't necessary to have your interior repaired a second time, merely for the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with a noble institution. Some of my visits will have to be in private houses. I shall keep up correspondence with the two girls of whom I told you. Christine is a bright little thing. The other one with bad eyes, you know—she has great depths of character. I think I did her a good turn, and I shall keep in touch with her. A very delightful girl—extremely so."

Yes, indeed—May and December.

Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason, we have provided such a deputy through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look in on the most talked of play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Grace Williamson Willett, the dramatic critic, and Hugh Stuart Campbell will perform this service. Mr. Campbell will contribute a portrait sketch of the leading actress or actor in each production. This month we have selected 'Salvation Nell,' by Edward Sheldon.—THE EDITOR.

SALVATION NELL

THERE was something doing in Sid McGovern's Tenth Avenue Bar, Christmas Eve. The wine room was crowded with men and girls. The line of bums around the bar bought drinks as fast as Sid could mix them. Betting in the pool room ran high.

Jim Platt, half drunk, leaned on the bar and gulped down the last glass of whiskey he could pay for.

Nell, the scrub-girl, watched Jim narrowly as she cleaned the floors and wiped the tables. Jim had not been near her for two weeks, probably frightened away by her "kid" story. She had been forced to tell him. The woman she roomed with had turned her out. Now she slept in the saloon basement. But Sid would soon discover this and put a stop to it. The hopeless question "what shall I do" rang insistently in her ears.

Nights of sleepless worry and days of ceaseless drudgery had accumulated misery on Nell's face until the sole remaining sign of youth was the innocent freshness of her blue eyes.

As she crossed the bar-room, Al. McGovern caught her roughly in his arms. He had been taking advantage of Jim's absence the past two weeks to force his attentions on her. Now he held her struggling form tightly as he forced her head toward his for a kiss.

The crowd of bums cheered him on with drunken laughter. The shrill music of the Italian fiddle and harp in the corner, excited Al. He kissed her recklessly.

"Jim! Jim!" Nell cried, in an agony of shame.

Jim's slow eyes realized the situation. "His girl" was in another man's arms. With a jump he crossed the room, grabbed Al. by the collar and flung him from Nell.

In another moment the two men closed. Both of them, half crazy with whiskey and egged on by the enthusiasm of a large audience, fought savagely. Nell, standing in the doorway of the wine-room, watched them as if turned to stone.

Suddenly there came a hoarse, triumphant yell from the bums. Al.

McGovern was down. They crowded noisily around him, waiting for him to get up and go on with the fight.

Then as he lay limp and unseeing, an immediate, certain terror seized them all. For a moment they were strangely quiet. Then suddenly, fear swept them into action, and the barroom became a din of hurried telephone calls for the police and ambulance, and of noisy endeavors to restore Al. to consciousness.

The clanging ambulance bell and entrance of policemen and nurses scattered the mob.

In another moment the brief scene was over. The wounded man had been removed. Jim was in handcuffs, on his way to the station; the Italian band had wisely disappeared; the saloon lights were lowered, and the spectators had melted through the door after the ambulance.

Sid surveyed the wreck of his Christmas hopes. Then he caught sight of Nell, the cause of the fight, still standing in the doorway of the wine room, her white face stiffened into misery, her wide eyes alive with fear.

"I'll give ye fifteen minutes to sneak it, an' if yer don't quit on the dot I'll kick ye out myself—s'elp me Gawd!" Sid shouted in a rage.

Nell moved her dry lips a moment, unable to speak. "Wh—where'll I go?"

"Out that door. Understand?"

"Say, Mr. McGovern, won't yer wait till mornin'?"

"Like hell I will." Sid pulled open the cash drawer and took out some money. "Four seventy-five. That's up-to-date an' over. Now take yer duds and git."

The partition door swung closed. Nell crossed the wine room dully toward the basement.

Near the door of the Family Entrance stood Myrtle O'dell, a man's coat over a gaudy, decollete gown of spangled, green satin. Crimson berries emphasized her black hair and the brilliant red of cheeks and lips. Mrytle was one of "Cloquette's" girls. She had entered in time to hear Sid's words. "Has he bounced ye?"

"Yes."

Myrtle drew her pityingly toward a chair. "T'aint' no use talkin' to a fat man when he gits really mad. Where yer goin'?"

"I dunno."

"Any cash?"

"Four seventy-five."

"Well, no girl can't live decent on *that!*" Decidedly, "yer've gotter come back with me."

"Where?"

"To Cloquette's," impatiently. "There ain't nothin' else fer ye now!"

"Ain't there?"

"Why ye never would come before beats me," Myrtle continued imaginatively. "Ter stay scrubbin' round here, an' hittin' it up with a regular bum—Where's he been the last two weeks?"

"Over in Jersey—looking fer work."

"Jersey!" Myrtle laughed uproariously. "Yer easy meat, Nell! He's been hangin' round with that Keeney woman. I've watched 'em from my winder an'——"

"Oh!" Nell clutched her breast as if the pain tore her.

"Lie back! Lie back," Myrtle said soothingly. "What's the good o' gettin' sore? Now here's yer chance—that guy out o' the way—no job." Myrtle looked her over critically. "You get a fair sized pomp an' some decent duds an' a few drinks why yer'd be a diff'rent girl!—say, you'll make a hit! They're all crazy ove blondes—an'——"

Nell rose dully. She suddenly began beating her hands together. "I gotter go."

"So that's O. K! We've got it all fixed up! The Madam'll be tickled to death! Go get yer things. I'll wait here."

Nell obediently left her.

Myrtle strolled into the main room and finding nobody there began mixing cocktails for herself, whistling as she did so.

Hallelujah Maggie, who led the Salvation Army meetings on the corner, pushed open the door of the main entrance. She had come directly from the police station.

"Where's that girl?" she demanded of Myrtle.

"Gettin' her things on."

"Wot fer?"

"That's *my biz!*"

"Is she goin' with you?"

"What if she is?"

"Where to?"

Myrtle leaned on the bar and drank a cocktail nonchalantly. "Where she'll learn to sing ragtime 'stead o' hymns, see?"

Nell appeared through the partition door, a ragged shawl over her head and shoulders, a bundle tied in a blue-checked apron in her hand.

Maggie turned swiftly. "Yer ain't got her yet!" she cried to Myrtle. Then, to Nell, "I've seen yer man at the station."

Nell's face brightened with hope, "Jim?"

"He's down and out—dead drunk."

Myrtle advanced officiously. "Ready Nell? We'll just have a drink before we start an'——"

Maggie interrupted her sternly. "I know what yer tryin' to do! An' ye'd better look out!" She put her arms around Nell. "Lemme take care o' you, dearie. Yer not the first Hallelujah Maggie's helped bring to God!"

"Doncher know this is the chance of her life?" cried Myrtle angrily.

Maggie glared at Myrtle over Nell's sunken head. "Yer right! It *is* the chance of her life—an' the Lord's given it."

"Oh fudge. Say Nell, are yer goin' with me or not?"

"It's up to you, dearie," Maggie tenderly patted Nell's shoulders.

From the street came the faint sound of the Salvation Army band, just taking its place on the corner.

Nell stretched out her arms to Maggie piteously. "Help me—there ain't no one else——"

"There's Christ!" Maggie cried, her face transfigured, her voice joyous. "Catch hold his hand, Nell. He's leanin' out to save ye! Come with me—they're jus' beginnin' the meetin'—and then I'll take ye home."

Nell flung her arms round Maggie's neck and burst into an agony of tears.

"That's right—cry all ye want, every tear helps wash white yer soul—Hallelujah! my dearie——"

Maggie led Nell, supporting her with one arm, to the door. Nell trembled and wept. From the darkness outside came the singing, the words distinct now:

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Our Lord was born to-day!"

* * * *

One summer evening, eight years later, Nell sat in her attic discussing with Major Williams her work in the Salvation Army. Rather, the Major directed the discussion for Nell was unusually silent. That evening she had heard that Jim was released from prison and was hunting for her. For eight years she and her child had lived with clean thoughts and actions, and now the shadow of her unhappy past approached to blur the record.

She roused herself from her confused and troubled thoughts to listen to the Major.

"When a lot of people," he said, "are working together toward the same end, there are one or two that get there first. Some call it providence, some call it genius, some call it foolishness." And he bowed to her in simple reverence.

"I never thought," she answered," that I was anything special. "

"That's the crowning glory of your service."

"Major Williams, yer awful kind to me."

The dependence upon him, vibrant in her voice, stimulated the resolution that had been growing in his heart for many months. "That's because I love you—because I want you to——"

The door from the hall opened. The Major and Nell rose to their feet abruptly and faced—Jim. He stood with his hand on the knob, thin, pale, nervous, dirty, and unshaven.

For a moment all three looked at one another.

"Well, I've come back," he said sullenly. "Hope I'm not buttin' in!"

Major Williams turned to Nell quietly, "Shall I get him out?"

"Say, I want to talk to her by herself." Jim advanced with a shambling

gait. "An' I hain't got all the time in the world neither."

"What right have you to be here?" the Major demanded.

"'Cause she's *my* girl—see? Quit yer drip an' get ter hell outer here!"

"Please go, Major," Nell begged. "I ain't afraid. It must be gettin' time for yer train."

Jim looked at Nell hungrily. "That's right. Me and her ain't seen each other fer over eight years—an' we've got a good deal ter say!" He turned roughly on the Major. "Now beat it!"

"It's all right," Nell whispered to the Major. "It'll be better if I get through with it now."

The Major hesitated, then reluctantly took his cap. "Very well. I'll see you Friday."

"Yes. Good-night, Major Williams."

Then, just as the door closed, her fear overcame her. "Major," she called shrilly, "I——"

He reappeared at the door.

"Nothin'," she regained her self-control. "I forget what I wanted to say."

"Good-night," he said again.

They heard his firm steps echo down the long, uncertain stairway.

"Swell friends, ain't ye?" sneered Jim.

"Jim, how long have ye been out?" She avoided him, keeping the table between them.

"Six months."

"Six months an' I never knew!"

"Sid McGovern wouldn't tell me where you'd gone. I found out t'day from a guy in the lodging house you'd got converted."

"Ye look—diff'rent—Jim," wonderingly.

"I ain't been in the Salvation Army! I've been in jail!"

"Jim—after what yer said ter me—that night—I didn't see no use in sendin' word to ye—not even ter tell yer 'bout——"

"'Bout wot?"

"Jimmie—he's eight years old next March."

"Hell!"

"Jim, what made ye try to find me?" The words burst forth desperately. His nearness routed the habits of eight years.

"That's a nice question t'ask a man!"

"Are ye goin' to—stay—in New York?"

"Naw. I'm leaving ter-morrer, and wot's more I'm leavin' in a Pullman car!"

"Yer goin' away? Have ye got a new job?"

"Yes, I got a new job."

The easy assurance of his statement and his quick, suspicious glance stirred her acuteness. She watched him alertly, "Where?"

"Denver."

She ventured a different subject. "I 'spose it'd be hard on ye, stayin' 'round here?"

"Hard! Say that's a good one! Mebbe ye think a man has a soft snap when he comes outer jail! Hard! I've been livin' in hell for six months An' I won't do it no more!"

"What d'yer mean, Jim—by that?"

"When I got out o' Sing Sing las' January, I wanted to brace up—an'—an' go ahead try an' live decent. All the boys up there said 'taint no use, I might try jus's hard as I wanted, but I'd find in 'bout three weeks the world had the drop on me! I said I'd show 'em—an' I meant it, but every word they told me was true—damn it!—it's true."

"An' what happened to ye, Jim?"

"I went back to Cassy's an' struck the old man fer a job at teamin'. He asked me where I'd been. I thought I'd be straight—like a damn mut—so I told him. An' then he said—he said——"

"Well? Go on Jim. What did he say?"

"He said, 'once a convick—always a convick!' An'—he kicked me out."

"Then what? What happened then?"

"Aw, ye can't get no steady hold-down without a reference. I worked 'round, did some haulin' down on West street—but they found out somehow—then it was all up. I was sick fer nearly a month an' spent every cent I had. Then I got a little by shovellin' snow an' street cleanin', but I couldn't stand the work—an', an'—they're all

down on me! D'ye think they care wot *sent* me to Sing Sing? I've been there—I'm a convick—I can't never be no better—that's enough for them! I've squared *my* account with eight years o' sweatin' blood—I'd paid it up, an' it's *them* that won't ferget an' call it off. Damn 'em! Damn 'em!"

"Yes, I know, Jim, I know"

"An' now what can I do?" he asked querulously "Who'd give me a job even if I had me healt'?"

"And so—yer goin' t' Denver fer a new start?"

"Yep, an' what's more yer comin' with me." He leaned toward her with the old, masterful look that had always made her serve him unquestioningly.

She caught her breath sharply. "Where'll ye get the money?"

And then she read the secret from his face, although he sprang to his feet and evaded her searching look by walking to and fro across the room.

Then, when he could endure her entreaties no longer he told her the details of the plan. He was only one of a half-dozen who would profit by the robbery, but the stakes were large—diamonds. He would board a San Francisco train that night with the jewels, the other men would evade the police with a trick and he and Nell could live in fine hotels the rest of their lives.

When he caught her in his arms, her resistance melted. His rough embrace, his words of hungry love drove away the new Nell. In her place was the old Nell, palpitating under his caresses.

"I knew yer'd come with me!" he cried triumphantly

Suddenly the thought of the boy asleep in the next room flashed through her passionate happiness. She and Jim hadn't had a chance to live straight when they were young. And during these eight years the purpose of giving the boy the chance she and Jim had lost had strengthened steadily within her.

Violently she struggled away from Jim. No future action on their part must stand in the boy's light. She had been mad. For the moment God had deserted her.

"No. I can't go with you, Jim," she cried.

She told him of her plans for the boy. "There shan't nobody stand in his light, Jim."

She begged him to remain with her, to give up the wild hope of growing rich on one night's crooked work.

He silenced her furiously. Then, as she held firm in her refusal, his gathering anger burst out. He struck her.

She fell without a moan.

The sudden quiet frightened him. The dim light on the shabby table flickered in a gust of summer wind.

Noiselessly he crept to the table, extinguished the lamp and escaped through the open window into the darkness.

* * * *

Every night that summer Corps No. 1 of the Salvation Army drew a crowd in front of their hall on Cherry Hill. Dirty, gossiping women forsook the fire escapes, boys stopped their crap-games, the loafers in Patrick Finnigan's saloon left their beer long enough to hear "Salvation Nell" address the meetings.

For a few days she had been too ill to come. To-night she was stronger.

As the Army band formed for the customary march before the meeting, a man who had been slinking in the shadow of the corner saloon spoke to Nell.

She recognized him. Every day she had followed, in the daily papers, news of the diamond robbery, and she trembled each time she opened the paper lest she should see the report of his arrest

"I've been hanging around," he said hoarsely, "to see if you wuz hurt bad."

"I'm all right," she answered. "But Jim, it isn't safe for you to be here."

"That's another thing I wanted ter tell ye. I didn't go wid the gang that night. I wuz a damn fool not to—but I didn't go."

She clasped her hands in quick joy. "Praise God."

"One thing more—wot about that Major—that mug-faced slob that acts as if he owned ye?"

"Jim, ye don't know

[illegible] by *Hugh Stuart* [illegible]

MRS. HISKI

[illegible]

"I know that I'm a man an' he's one, too, dam' him! an' yer a woman—so b'fore I go, I want ye t' say, 'Ye've been my feller an' I'll never let no one take yer place!'"

She gave a quick sob "There ain't no need "

"I'll make ye say it b'fore I go!"

She put her hand on his arm and looked him full in the face. "Yer my Jim—an' no one'll ever take yer place."

There was a pause.

He caught her to him with a subdued cry, "Nelly,—I won't leave ye!"

Gently she disengaged herself. Her voice was tender but firm. "Yes, Jim, ye must. I see things clear now. I can't help ye—any more—"

"I love ye, Nelly—" hungrily.

"I know, Jim," sadly.

"Don't ye see how a man feels?"

She sat down on the steps leading to Levy's Delicatessen. The dark street, usually turbulent with swarming children and loud-voiced, half-dressed women, was quiet. "It seems as if I was talkin' to ye from a long ways off There's a river between us, Jim—an' there ain't no bridge across."

"Wot river?"

She touched him tenderly, "Ye wouldn't understand. I s'pose this is the last time we'll meet on earth, Jim! If I could only make ye see just a little b'fore ye go!"

"See wot?"

She stroked his hair softly. "Jim, d'ye remember how we met each other first?"

"Dunno's I do—it's a long time ago."

"In that little eating-place where I worked b'fore I came to Sid's. Ye used t' come in ev'ry day an' sit at the same table. After a while I sort o' grew t' expect ye. I think I'd been carin' fer ye a long time b'fore I knew it myself—I was awful young then. One night ye came in drunk—" she hesitated

He interrupted. "Wot's the good o' rememberin' all that?"

"An' I couldn't help myself, Jim. I done whatever ye wanted—always I thought that was what love meant!"

"I didn't treat ye bad, did I?"

"When ye hadn't been drinkin' it was all right. But then ye drank so much, Jim," her voice broke, "Jim, there was once, only one time when we was really happy.

"The Sunday we went out into the country. It was in June, an' I had a day off. I'd saved up fer weeks t' get a new hat, an' I thought it was awful stylish. We took our dinner with us—an' we went across the river an' got a trolley goin' way into the country! D'ye know, Jim, it was the first time I'd ever been out there. You remember that big tree where we had our dinner? An' how ye talked t' that old man? An' me gettin' bunches o' flowers t' take home? I made yer wear one in yer buttonhole, but ye didn't want to a bit! Why, that Sunday—I never kin ferget it, Jim. That was our only glimpse of the green fields! An' oh, how short it was!"

He moved uncomfortably. "Well, we couldn't a-kept on livin' out there!"

"No, we had t' come back—to work—an' drink— an' the city streets. Dear," very tenderly, "I'm not blamin' you—I'm not even blamin' myself. We was just like heaps o' others. 'Twasn't a bit our fault! . . . . Do ye know, Jim, after everythin' had happened, our day there—across the river—kept comin' to my mind. I felt, 'That's the real Jim. The other's someone else'—An' then, Jim," she paused a moment, "I began t' love ye!

"I thought God would let me be the one to save ye. But I know now that I can't. 'Cause it's our love—that stands between us!"

"Lovin' ain't the same as prayin'! Wot d' I care 'bout bein' saved?"

"We've lost each other in this life, but, dear, this life ain't all! Some day we'll meet soul to soul. Oh, I believe it's comin'—comin' with a Hallelujah that'll break the skies!—An', Jim, we'll be together—always!"

"But I want ye *now!*" he cried

She held out her hand unsteadily. "Good-bye, Jim, until then!"

The Salvation Army band was loudly approaching.

"D'ye know wot I'm goin' t' do?" he cried.

"I'll pray fer ye——"

"Aw, dam' yer prayers!" He swung recklessly into the saloon.

The Army band was in position on the street corner. The crowd, trailing in its wake, filled the narrow street between the huge tenements.

Nell took her place facing the crowd. "My friends," she said, "I've got nothin' new to say to you; it's the old, old story I've told you so many times before. Christ was a poor man Himself an' He chose poor people fer his friends. He knows how hard we have to work to keep alive, an' He pities us because we're His brothers an' sisters—every one of us, I don't care how wicked nor how low.

"The rich folks have big churches to worship Him in, but we have our hearts, an' He likes them just as well. The people up there that always lived decent an' never done a thing to be ashamed of—I wonder if they know Him as well as you an' me?

"You can't get Christ by thinkin' or by askin' other people or by readin' lots o' books—the only way is t' need Him awful bad, an' then you hear Him knockin' at yer door."

A bunch of men from the saloon came out. Jim, slouching behind them, watched and listened

"Some of you may say: 'We didn't get no chance, an' the world's against us, an' even with Christ on our side we've never had a show.' But let me tell you now your souls are the souls that count. You've sunk to the bottom, you know the bitterness an' the cruelty of life, an' it's to you Christ wants to show the beauty an' the glory an' the light. When you an' me who've fallen rise again, we're bigger men an' women than if we'd never sinned at all.

"Don't you think I know? Don't you think I've borne it all myself? Oh, listen! Sometimes we find our sin—our terrible sin—is what we love most in the world. It seems as if we couldn't tear it off—it's flesh of our flesh an' soul of our soul. But, oh! when we've killed it with our own two hands, when we've conquered in that awful fight, when we've nailed our bleedin' heart to the cross itself—why, it seems as if all the millions who have fought and conquered since time began stretch out their arms to us in pity. Those men and women down the river of the ages—they know—they understand. B'cause, like you an' me, they've gone down into the darkest places an' found the sunlight streamin' there.

"Oh! any of you that's listenin' here t'night—that perhaps I'll never meet again till at the judgment bar o' God—remember it's love that saves the world. They say it's strong as death—an' oh! I know—I know it's strong as life."

She raised her face in prayer: "Oh, Christ, Who some think can never feel the secrets in a woman's soul—help all of us that need You now—change our wickedness with Yer own heart's blood—keep us pure an' clean an' strong—forever an' ever—O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world."

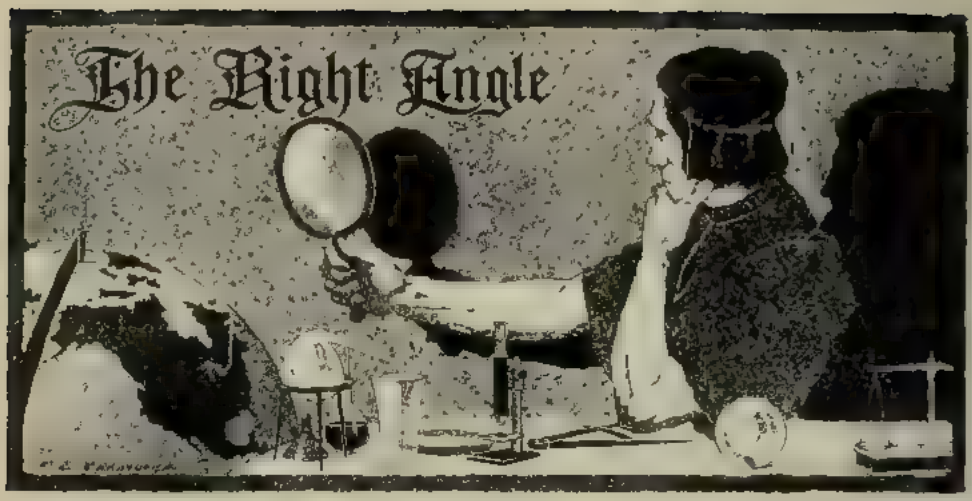
* * * *

As she passed the tambourine for the collection, Jim dropped in a coin. "Can I see ye—after the meetin'? I want ye t' help me—" he whispered hoarsely.

She turned to him, her eyes blind with tears. "Ah!"

"I need ye," his voice broke, "I need yer help!"

She gave a little cry. She touched his arm. "Wait fer me, Jim, I'll meet ye here. I want ye to take me home."



CANADA WEST'S NEW SERIAL

THE first instalment of a facsinating and purposeful romance of real life will appear in the June issue of CANADA-WEST.

Written by a Canadian, Madge Macbeth, of Ottawa, who is already well known for her short stories and verse "The Changeling" sets a new standard even for this talented writer. She herself says: " 'The Changeling' was not written altogether for sale, although I have fallen far short of my intended purpose, which was to point out the hideous result of neglect of the white plague, giving those *who do not know* a slight idea of its workings, and to impress upon the world the consequences of the average marriage of to-day, founded upon everything but an intellectual basis."

Mrs. Macbeth has approached her subject with a sincerity of purpose that cannot fail to command attention. Begin "The Changeling" with the June number. You will not want to miss a word of it.

"THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER"

OVER in the States, a team of dramatists have brought an action at law asking $100,000 damages from Arthur Stringer. They charge Mr. Stringer with saying that a play of theirs was based on his book "The Silver Poppy" a story of Canada published a few years back. One of the team (nigh or off not reported) denies that he is a plagiarist and supports his denial with a most impassioned neigh trumpeting heatedly that he had never heard of Mr. Stringer or any of his works.

It is an axiom historically established that a good dramatist takes his material wherever he finds it, and only becomes a bad dramatist when he takes bad material. That axiom is a rider on the bill for damages. If Mr. Stringer ever really made any such statement he paid the team a compliment, and horse sense should have told them so rather than induced a noise like a sack of oats. What?

THE CANADIAN NOBEL PRIZE

HOW many people know of the McCharles prize? The first award is to be made this summer, and since it takes the form of money, it will thereafter be sought. The will of the late Aeneas McCharles provided a fund of $10,000 in trust with the University of Toronto, with instructions to award the interest in any year to the Canadian who shall be found to have made a valuable invention in the treatment of Canadian ores or minerals, or any effective device to protect human life in connection with the use of electricity in supplying power and light, or to any Canadian who shall achieve public distinction in any line of scientific or useful research. The conditions are that the candidate must be presented by some properly qualified third per-

son, and that he shall be Canadian born and shall not have renounced his allegiance. The prize can be awarded to only one candidate in any one year, and shall not exceed $1,000. The official circular issued by the University states that the order of priority in which the three cases stand in the wording of the bequest shall be observed, and the award shall go *caeteris paribus* to one of them, and only in the third event of no candidate of sufficient merit in the fields of metallurgy and electricity being presented, it shall (or may) go to an inventor distinguished in the general field of useful scientific research.

The McCharles prize is commended very warmly to public notice, as a measure calculated to stimulate national achievement along lines of the highest importance. The secretary of the McCharles Prize Committee of Award, at the University of Toronto, has all details in the matter, and should be addressed by those who have inventions or discoveries to submit for consideration.

THE CASE OF ANDREW DIETNER

THE Toronto *Star* strikes the right note in a recent editorial comment on the case of Andrew Dietner, a young Canadian who was turned back at Detroit on his way to work on a farm in Nebraska. The *Star* offers Mr. Dietner, and incidentally all other young Canadians, some good advice, saying:

> Why should a young Ontario farmer who feels the call to wander—who has an ambition to go away off somewhere and be somebody—follow old and weather-beaten sign posts, and take the worn road to Nebraska, when a whole half continent richer than that western state ever was calls him into the West and the North of his own country? Why should he subject himself to the indignity of being "turned back" at Detroit, when by reading the despatches in the newspapers on the same day that he suffered this affront he would have learned that hundreds of Nebraskan farmers are trekking across the border to settle on Canadian wheat lands?
>
> Andrew should read the papers and keep tab on the opportunities that his own country presents. If he goes to Nebraska he will merely get in at the tail of the procession and take the dust of those who are teaming their goods and chattels back across the border into the great agricultural area of the future. Why follow? Why not get in the van?
>
> Take it in another way. The new provinces of Canada and the as yet unorganized districts not only offer virgin lands to those who have the skill to work them, but these new provinces need men to think and plan and lead in the building up of social organizations. There are opportunities for young men to win more than financial success—honors, offices, and the respect of posterity. All the chances a man needs for himself and should desire for his descendants can be had in Canada—in the West and in New Ontario.

This is the sort of spirit every Canadian newspaper should show. Canada is welcoming Yankee settlers, because an English-speaking citizen with brains and energy is worth a great deal to a country in the making; but young Canadians ought to be reluctant to allow the men of any other nation to absorb the cream of the country. Canada presents too many opportunities to her own people.

MR. JUSTICE PHIPPEN'S NEW FIELD

FOLLOWING the course fortune seems to have charted for most lawyers who distinguish themselves in broadly public ways, the Hon. F. H. Phippen on March 31st ceased to be a justice of the Manitoba court of appeals and entered upon new duties as director

F. H. PHIPPEN

of the legal work of the Mackenzie & Mann interests.

These interests are extremely fortunate in having secured so masterly a mind and a lawyer so fully equipped to cope with big problems. In his new field of activity Mr. Phippen must still remain in close touch with public affairs of the very highest importance, and thus he is by no means lost either to view or usefulness among the people he has served so well for half his life. On the contrary, his purview in ceasing to be provincial has become continental, and his distinctions yet to come will accordingly have a wider range.

NOT BY MAIL

THOSE young men of Spokane who have attracted attention by writing to Canada for wives, show excellent discrimination in their judgment of quality, but a mistaken understanding of what may be included in a mail order business. It goes without saying that the girls of Canada are the best in the world; and nobody is surprised that the youth of Spokane or of any other outside place should want wives from among them. The wish does them credit. But what do they think the young men of Canada are doing? Overlooking anything? Not by a unanimous majority. If they have in mind that they can compete successfully with the marriageable youth of this country, they would better come over here and try. The way to get a wife in Canada is to come to Canada to get one.

THE GLORY OF THE WESTERN SUNSETS

WHAT gives such wonderful coloring to the sunsets of western Canada? What causes the almost unearthly beauty of the afterglow?

These effects of light and air were exquisitely described by Walter P. McGuire in his "Story of the Town," published in CANADA-WEST in January —a subtle imagining, keenly touched with truth. By a curious chance, McClure's for February had a paper by Waldemar Kaempffert on "The Origin of Life on this Planet," in which the cause is thus explained:

It happens that the pressure of light is exerted with most force, not at the surface of a planet, but in the upper and rarer regions of its atmosphere. There the zodiacal light, which we see occasionally painted as a faint glow on the western horizon during a clear winter or spring evening, is an ever-present phenomenon. Long an astronomical puzzle, it remained for Arrhenius (the distinguished Swedish physicist) to reveal the secret of its origin. Astronomers now agree with him that the luster is caused by corpuscular dust incessantly projected from the sun by the pressure of light. Each corpuscle is charged with negative electricity which is imparted to the earth's atmosphere. Every school boy knows that two charges of positive or two charges of negative electricity repel each other. After the earth's atmosphere has been negatively electrified up to a certain point, it will repel the current of light-driven, negatively-charged solar dust or corpuscles. As a result, the solar dust is turned aside and sweeps past the earth. That stream of luminous dust shot from the sun by the pressure of solar radiance is the zodiacal light. Each of the negatively-charged corpuscles constituting this effulgent stream has the marvelous property of collecting various atoms after the stream has rushed past the earth. Should any corpuscles be thus freighted, they will exceed the critical size prescribed by Schwarzschild. (The size is 0.000,062,976 inch.) Accordingly, solar gravitation once more becomes effective, and the laden corpuscles are jerked back to the sun with a constantly increasing swiftness. The luminous stream which thus drifts back to its source is manifest to us in that part of the zodiacal light which astronomers call by the German name "Gegenschein" (counter-glow).

This is interesting; and touching a question of light, fitly illuminating. A scientific explanation sometimes carries disillusion, but not so here. The phenomena themselves are familiar blessings, that never stale either sight, imagination or spiritual sense. The thunderous glory of massed color in the sunsets of Delaware bay is by comparison a mere volupty of the pagan gods, walking in pomp and panoply. Since the Almighty first set His bow in the cloud to be a token of a covenant, there never was a higher, purer vision of splendor and peace than these wonders of evening, over our western plains. For anything at all like them one must go to upper Norway or the islands off the northern coast of Scotland—but go there first to avert a disappointment. There is a light somewhere that will remain

CHARLES ARCHIBALD MACLELLAN

invisible until this muddy vesture of decay shall fall away—

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream."

But the radiant and opalescent floods of cooling fire that flow and change across the skies of Canada with the wane of every day, may well be taken as the highest beauty man may look upon, the strongest foreglimpse of that light celestial human eyes may ever hope to see.

THIS MONTH'S COVER

FOR a happy expression of character in a story, Charles Archibald MacLellan's picture on the front cover of this number of CANADA-WEST is to an unusual degree striking. The picture represents the Calgarian in Mr. Stringer's "Mr. Optimist"—the all-alive young man who believes in and is rising with the fortunes of the young and vigorous Alberta city and the country that is making the city grow. He is a prosperous, hopeful, pushing sort, a "Canada-Lover" by the very look of him. Calgary and Canada are full of his kind.

Mr. MacLellan is himself a Canadian, born in Trenton, Ontario. Of late he has come rapidly into favor as an illustrator of magazines and books, and at present he is making the pictures for Helena A. Winslow's novel, "A Woman for Mayor," to be issued from the press of Reilly & Breton this month. Mr. MacLellan spends his summers making sketching tours. His portfolio shows already a rather broad itinerary of the country, and much of his most successful published work reproduces Canadian scenes.

A GUIDE TO THE OKANAGAN

MR. A. E. ORCHARD, of Vernon, British Columbia, has issued the first edition of a "Directory and Guide to the Okanagan" which will bring water to the mouths and fingers to the purse-strings of all seekers after natural beauty, outdoor sport, and farming opportunities, wherever it may go.

The book is a fine example of succinct and attractive description, concerned with a highly picturesque and fertile part of Canada. It is designed as a ready reference, not only for the business man, but also for the intending settler, the sportsman, or the tourist, and is expected to circulate very widely, even outside this continent. It covers practically everything concerning the Okanagan Valley, containing a complete "write-up" of the country, with advice to immigrants; a special "write-up" of each individual town and district; a business directory of each

A. E. ORCHARD

town, alphabetically arranged; a classified business directory; a complete telephone directory, with systems in vogue; a map of the valley; many halftone engravings, typical of the district; and a general compendium of non-classifiable matter.

This last embraces in detail churches, fraternal societies, schools, transportation and rates, civic boards and bodies, clubs and social organizations, judiciary, schedules of wages, building materials, and tables of produce and land values. It runs to about two hundred pages, and bears the imprint of the Vernon News Printing and Publishing Company, Limited, of Vernon, B. C. Its essential merit lies in the clarity of its presentation of the valley to those who have never seen it, as a place where they can find what they want.

There is not a province nor a district in all the great new country between Ontario and the western sea that could not at this stage of its development benefit by such a book as this. Mr. Orchard may be building better than he knows, but he is the sort of protagonist Canada will later arise and call blessed, and the trail he has blazed should be widened by many, following in his footsteps.

HONORABLE MENTION

"IT hits the spot in every issue. I would not (and hardly could) get along without it." So writes D. W. Gibson, of Moose Jaw, in renewing his CANADA-WEST subscription for another year. Nearly every renewal brings with it some sort of appreciative expression. C. H. Timberly, of Winnipeg writes, that he "must say that as a magazine CANADA-WEST is the 'elite,'" and W. D. McBride, district manager of the North American Life Assurance company, roars from Regina, "I have a kick coming. Your magazine goes too quickly at the news stands. I wanted to get five copies to-day and was lucky to get one. I had decided to cut out the subscription and buy it at the news stands, but it is no use, so here goes my money for another year's subscription." Wise Mr. McBride. It is hard to keep the news stands supplied at the bewilderingly rapid increase in sales from month to month, but the subscriber gets his without fail in the mails. "I am pleased to observe the growth of your magazine," writes R. M. Graham, mayor of Melita, Manitoba. "I consider the name contributes to its success. Nearly all others persist in using 'Canadian,' with its long 'a,' which is not pleasant to the ear." There may be something in that, too, but sterling quality and literary value would carry CANADA-WEST under any other name, euphony omitted. E. T. Hargreaves, of Moose Jaw, orders the magazine sent to a friend in Burnley, Lancashire. "I think it is the best money's worth of reading I have had since I have been in this country," says Mr. Hargreaves, "and I send the present subscription to be sent to England as the best way I can make the people acquainted with the true story of the Great West." "I am greatly pleased, and consider you deserve great praise," says A. C. Bastedo, of Milton, Ontario. And so they come, every one with a good word—and so many of them!

No publication gets that kind of voluntary approval if it has not a definite purpose and a high power of popular appeal. Herein CANADA-WEST has created a new record among the publications of the country. It is still pushing forward by sheer force of the virtue that is in it, without adventitious aid of any kind. CANADA-WEST is a "go" because it is what it ought to be, in all ways. It is all for Canada, and for all of Canada. That is why all Canada is buying and reading it.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

MRS. FANNY SHEPHERD, an Englishwoman who has come to Canada with her husband and family to settle in the West, writes a story of her experience that makes good reading and shows what can be done in the new land by people of energy and ambition.

GIRVIN, SASKATCHEWAN.

Dear Sir:—I have been reading my CANADA-WEST and I feel I must write and tell you what a splendid magazine I think it is. It ought to be in every free library in England (perhaps it is). "Canada Fakers" was particularly good. I know only too well how many years I tried to find out the

real truth about Canada. It seemed to me I was always reading pieces similar to those you speak of, forty below—and mosquitoes. I was afraid to trust the Government pamphlets. At last, in spite of all, we determined to chance it and come, if only for the sake of our six sons. And what do we find? If not a land overflowing with milk and honey, at least a land flowing with milk and butter and cream; almost perpetual sunshine and since March, only about three really bad days. My husband, a man forty-five years old, has been a master butcher all his life, yet immediately got work as an ordinary farm hand at a dollar a day. (Who would give a totally inexperienced man four shillings a day, board and lodging in England?) He says all he complained of was that they fed him too well and did not give him enough work to do. My three totally inexperienced sons had twenty dollars a month until freeze-up and only one of them worked as hard as in England. When I followed with the little ones, my little girl, though only thirteen years old, was immediately snapped up by a restaurant at fifteen dollars a month. I myself was offered a position as cook at $50.00 a month. Very different from England, much as I love the old country.

"The Sowing" is splendid. Canada, indeed, ought to have the best of everything, men with plenty of grit, and the same sort of women—not but what women have a better time here than they do in England. I never worked so little in my life. It seems as if the women about here do little but ride about in their buggies and take tea with each other. It appears to me a very great pity that some of the money collected in England for immigration purposes cannot be used to put settlers actually on the land. Then what you say about "city clerks" is only too true. I know plenty of people who would be quite willing to come only they are utterly unsuitable. On the other hand, I know several people who would do well here, only a man does want a little capital and these people could hardly find the price of three fares to Canada.

With every best wish for CANADA-WEST, I am, Yours truly,

F. E. SHEPHERD.

This is the sort of story that is usually told by the people who have "made good," and who have a word of cheer and encouragement for those who come after them.

THE SOUL OF A PRIEST

"THE Soul of a Priest" is a novel of more than usual interest. It is written with a purpose, and like the majority of such books is a one-sided, biased study. The Duke Litta, the author, is an advanced Socialist who has broken with his church and can apparently see nothing good in it. He has undoubtedly chosen for study the worst specimens of the clergymen of Italy. But his story is well told, and as a psychological study, or rather pathological, the soul of Renato is developed and revealed with a master pen. The personal note is prominent in "The Soul of a Priest." Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese has but used d'Arsa to voice his own ideas. However, he practices what he preaches, and on his estate of Casali-Litta has created conditions that make his peasants "financially, physically and morally" among the best in Europe.

BISHOP LORRAIN AND PARTY TOURING THE INDIAN MISSIONS. DEPARTURE FROM LONG POINT, QUEBEC, EN ROUTE FOR ABBITTIBI.

FOR THE BLUES

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

When the whole round world is gloomy,
Everything hark-from-the-tomby,
Every sound seems crack-o'-doomy—
  Fit your features with a grin.
When your heart and soul are pensive
And your mind is apprehensive
Of calamities extensive,
  Coax the backward dimples in.

When you're downright pessimistic
And a laugh makes you feel fistic,
And you're anti-altruistic
  Take a number nineteen grin
To connect your members aural,
Then with fate you'll have no quarrel
And this lesson has its moral:
  Let the gleeful grin sink in!

BLIND CURIOSITY

NURSE (announcing the expected)—"Professor, it's a little boy.

Professor (absent-mindedly)—"Well, ask him what he wants."

THE SYMPTOM

MISS BRIDGE FIEND—"O, Mr. Frost, I'm afraid you've been playing cards for money."

Mr. Frost—"How do you know?"

Miss Bridge Fiend—"Your game has improved so."

MIND AND MATTER

PAPA was about to apply the strap. "Father," said Willie, firmly, "unless that instrument has been properly sterilized I desire to protest."

This gave the old man pause.

"Moreover," continued Willie, "the germs which might be released by the violent impact of leather upon a porous textile fabric but lately exposed to the dust of the streets would be apt to affect you deleteriously

As the strap fell from a nerveless hand, Willie sloped.

THE TRUE CAUSE

"PROFESSOR, what is it that gives to the sting of a mosquito its virulent character?"

"As far as I have been able to ascertain, madam, it is the mosquito."

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE

A CERTAIN stock broker once went to a horse dealer and tried to pick up a general utility nag. He explained that he wanted a nice, quiet, good-looking animal for himself, which could be driven by his wife in a dog-cart, and would not object on occasion to being hitched up to a lawn-mower. The dealer listened to him with rapt attention, and finally asked, in dulcet tones:

"Would you like him to wait at table, sir?"

AN ACQUIRED AFFINITY

FIRST bridesmaid—"They are well matched, don't you think?"

Second Bridesmaid—"Rather. She's a grass widow and he's a vegetarian!"